McKean County Miner.

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DEATH OF AN AGED CITIZEN.

Andrew Reilly Died at His Home on Franklin St., Saturday.

A PIONEER OF McKEAN COUNTY.

Brief Sketch of an Active Career—Funeral Services Held Monday.

Andrew Reilly died at his home on Franklin street, this borough, at nine o'clock Saturday morning, after an illness of several months caused by a general breaking down of health. He was 80 years old last March.

The subject of this sketch was born in County Cavan, Ireland, in 1823 and when a young man his family, consisting of father, mother, two sisters and three brothers, came to this country and located in Philadelphia. In 1842 the Reilly family moved to this county, making the then long and tedious journey of 300 miles through the wilderness with horses and wagons. They located in the forest about two miles east of this borough, on what is now known as the Reilly farm, built a log house and commenced to clear up the farm which was his home for many years.

The following recollections of those times, as narrated by Mr. Reilly and published in the History of McKean County, will give an idea of his experiences in early life:

"Deer, which were numerous, would come to browse upon the fallen brush, where they were killed for their skins, and a hunter who visited us killed seven in one day, taking their skins and leaving their carcasses in the woods. I was the first to buy and ship venison to New York and Philadelphia, and one winter, in company with Judge Arnold, I shipped fifteen tons, the saddles selling at 4 cents and the rest at 2 cents per pound. In 1842, the year we came here, a drove of seven elk was driven past our home by Joseph Coleman, and at another time a full-grown elk was captured by two Indians and led through the town. A half-grown panther was trapped by Mr. Hugh Starkweather, bound with withes and taken to Smethport. Wolves and bears were so ravenous that the sheep had to be housed at night, at one time sixteen in my flock being killed by animals in one night. In the spring pigeons would come in immense flocks, at one time the nesting being ten miles long and five miles wide, every tree and limb in the forest being covered. Their last appearance was in 1870. Many made a business of catching them, and on Potato creek there were placed nets about one hundred yards apart for a distance of fifteen miles, each net capturing from ten to one hundred dozen per day. I was one of the first to buy them for shipping, and have shipped twenty to thirty barrels per day, each barrel holding twenty-five dozen, and selling at from 25 to 50 cents per dozen, but discontinued shipping when advised to do so by the commission men, who would no longer pay freight charges, as the market was glutted. In 1848 I walked all the way to Philadelphia, a distance of about 300 miles, sixty miles of the distance being through Potter county, a wilderness, with but one house in the sixty miles, and returned in 1844, also on foot."

Mr. Reilly was elected county commissioner on the Democratic ticket in 1878 and re elected in 1881, and his experience as a contractor and builder of brick and stone structures was of great value to the county when the present court house and county poor buildings were being erected. About that time he built the Grand Central Hotel and a few years later he built the brick store at the corner of Main and Franklin streets and he has also built several tenant houses in this place. He was always greatly interested in the welfare and upbuilding of Smethport and much of its growth is due to his efforts. He was a worthy and industrious citizen, who will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends. Although he was never favored with more than the country school education of that time, he was fond of literature, read a great deal and has written many creditable articles both in prose and poetry.

Mr. Reilly was united in marriage to Miss Ann Byrne at Philadelphia in 1852 and to them were born ten children, six sons and four daughters. The sons have all preceded their father to the great beyond and but two of the daughters, Mrs. Maggie Daly and Mrs. Emma B. Greer, both of this place, remain with their aged mother to mourn the loss of a kind and loving father and husband.

The funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic church, of which he was a devout member, at 10 o'clock Monday morning, Rev. Father P. Cosgrove officiating, and was largely attended. His remains were laid at rest in the family plot in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

For Rent.

Three furnished rooms for light housekeeping, cor. Green and Mechanic Sts.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

At Bradford Saturday, Aug. 19, 1871, a company of the National State Guard was mustered in by Division Inspector Freeman and Judge Advocate Backus. The officers chosen were: P. M. Fuller, captain; James Shaffner, 1st lieutenant; Truman K. Snyder, 2d lieutenant. This company is well officered. Capt. Fuller's service with the boys of McKean in the 58th Pa. Vols. needs no rehearsing. Lieut. Shaffner is a veteran, having served three years and eight months and carries honorable scars as mementoes of the numerous engagements in which he participated. Lieut. Snyder served over five years, nearly four of which were in the regular army, the balance of the time with the glorious "Bucktails." All are gentlemen of good habits and soldierly bearing.

Last Sunday, Sept. 3, 1871, was the day fixed upon by the Millerites for the sounding of Gabriel's trumpet and the final winding up of the affairs of this world. We don't see any change in Smethport since the event. Perhaps McKean county is not under the jurisdiction of this sect.

G. M. Smith can now be dubbed as 'squire, he having taken out the necessary papers making him a justice of the peace.

A lady in London got the idea into her head that the devil was in her and hung herself. Some compassionate judge should issue an injunction against women hanging themselves for so trifling a matter as that, or they are going to be scarce.

Dexter's time was beaten by Goldsmith Maid at the race at Cold Spring on Sept. 6, 1871. The race was between Lucy and the Maid, the latter making the fastest single heat, also the best three heats on record. The time was 2:20½, 2:17, 2:20¼.

Aaron Rockwell, one of the oldest citizens of Keating township, died very suddenly on Saturday, Sept. 16, 1871. He was in the field binding shocks of corn behind a person who was cutting it, when suddenly he dropped down dead. The deceased was about 87 years of age.

The Academy School in this place has commenced under very favorable auspices. Mr. Smith, who conducts the higher department, is a teacher who will be a credit to the school. Miss Emma Gallup, who has charge of the primary department, is a teacher of experience and is perfectly at home in the school room.

One of the most terrible conflagrations ever witnessed in this country is now raging in Chicago and fears are entertained that the entire city will be consumed. The banks, telegraph offices, newspaper establishments, the court house, Sherman House, Tremont House and all other hotels, in fact everything else is swept clean. Nearly one-third of Chicago's inhabitants are homeless and millions of property has been destroyed. As we go to press we learn that the fire has finally been checked, rain having commenced falling at 3 o'clock yesterday morning (Oct. 11, 1871). Five hundred persons were burned to death, one hundred squares are in ashes and one hundred thousand citizens are said to be homeless. Several persons caught in the act of setting fires were either shot or hanged to the nearest lamp post.

Married, in Port Allegany, Sept. 17, 1871, at the house of the bride's father, by Rev. F. G. Stephens, Mr. Mason A. Lillibridge and Miss Annie J. Bard, all of Port Allegany. The notice of the above was accompanied with both cake and money. This fact alone is sure evidence that the newly made relations will never be regretted. That their union may prove a happy one and their joy be complete is our earnest wish.

Married, in Smethport, Sept. 3, 1871, at the house of the bride's father, by the Rev. C. Cornforth, Mr. D. C. Young and Miss Ada M. Taylor, eldest daughter of Hon. A. N. Taylor, all of this place. We are glad to be able to state that our friend "Clint" has at last concluded to break loose the shackles of "single-blessedness" and, like all sensible men, take unto himself a most amiable companion. We congratulate the bride on the fact that although most people expect yet regret to grow old, she has the happy consolation of knowing that she will ever remain Young! We wish this newly made couple unlimited joy and abundant success. May their "shadow never grow less."

It gives us pleasure to announce the election of Lucius Rogers to the House of Representatives from the McKean and Potter district. He will bring to the discharge of his duty a well cultivated mind and large legislative experience which will enable him at once to take a prominent position in the House. It must be gratifying to Mr. Rogers, as we know it will be to his numerous friends, that in his own county (McKean) he ran ahead of his ticket. His majority in McKean is 220, and in the district between 400 and 500.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

At the October, 1871, election W. S. Brownell for associate judge received 1,051 votes. This is the largest vote ever before polled for a candidate in McKean county.

CRIMINAL COURT PROCEEDINGS.

The Most Important Cases were Continued Until Next Term.

THREE GO TO STATE'S PRISON.

Many Cases Disposed of—Court Adjourned on Friday.

Commonwealth vs. Joseph and Ida Rothstein, assault and battery upon their daughter, Mrs. Applebaum. Not guilty and the costs divided between prosecutor and defendants.

Commonwealth vs. C. Prouty of Eldred, assault and battery upon Fred L. Armstrong. Guilty and he was sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and the costs of prosecution.

Ed Johnson of Bradford was found guilty of assault and battery on an old lady. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $10, costs of prosecution and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for two months.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. R. E. Looker of Kane, charged with failure to make returns of taxes, was not pressed.

Jacob Goodman, charged with assault and battery on his mother was found guilty. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and costs of prosecution. His mother also had him arrested on the charge of surety of the peace. The sentence was that he pay costs of prosecution and give a bond of $200 to keep the peace, in default of which he was remanded to jail.

Clarence Duffy of Bradford was charged with helping to steal 21 chickens. He pleaded guilty and the court suspended sentence upon the prisoner's payment of the costs and giving bail for his appearance next term.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Art White and Ed Moran, tried on a charge of burglarizing the house of Mrs. Prue of the West Branch, the verdict was not guilty and the boys were discharged.

Clarence Bush of Hazelhurst pardoned a quart of whisky. He pleaded guilty to a charge of larceny and was sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and costs, and to languish in the county jail for 30 days.

Merton Richmond of Bradford pleaded guilty to a charge of the larceny of cigars from Elvin's cigar store. He was fined $50, costs of prosecution and sentenced to one year and three months in the penitentiary.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Charles Hartley, motion to quash indictment overruled. He pleaded guilty and sentence was suspended until next term.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. Edward Bachtell, charged with violating the innkeepers' act, was not pressed.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. Clemento Crici, an Italian, charged with an assault with intent to kill another Italian by stabbing him in the neck, was continued on account of the absence of Dr. Ostrander, who was too ill to attend court. The doctor attended the defendant and sewed up his wound.

Charles J. Tremaine of Bradford, charged with aggravated assault and battery by his wife, was found not guilty, but was ordered to pay half the costs. The jury was out about 10 minutes. He was also charged with the larceny of his wife's money and jewelry, but as she was not permitted to testify the grand jury ignored the bill.

Roy Kerstetter of Bradford was tried for assault and battery on his wife, the verdict being not guilty but pay half the costs.

Frank Dickerson, charged with fornication and bastardy, was discharged.

The following cases were not pressed: C. H. Buckley, charged with non-support; Dave Bright, charged with surety of the peace; Mark S. Holcomb, charged with assault and battery and surety of the peace.

In the case of Nicholas Ruble, the defendant failed to appear and his bail was forfeited.

The case of Eugene Bastin, charged with desertion, was continued.

In the case of Commonwealth vs. Harry Camp, charged with desertion, the defendant was ordered to pay the costs and pay his wife $6 per week until further order.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Tom Burse of the Two Mile, charged with desertion, the prosecutrix, Mrs. Burse failed to appear and the defendant was discharged.

Kittie Conklin of Bradford's famous Whitechapel district, charged with surety of the peace by Nellie Brown, was discharged.

Tony Basler, who pleaded guilty to larceny, $50 fine, costs of prosecution and undergo one year and three months in the penitentiary.

George Williams, who pleaded guilty to forgery, $100 fine, costs of prosecution and serve two years and six months in the penitentiary.

Commonwealth vs. Amato Pepe. Continued.

Commonwealth vs. Philip Frawley, keeping gambling room. Not a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Chas. Osborne, surety of the peace. Not a true bill; Belle Moore, prosecutor, pay costs.

Court adjourned on Friday.

A Strange Family.

There is a family residing near Hazelhurst, Pa., if they resided in Kentucky might be taken for typical residents of the mountain district. The family consists of a mother and eight children, the youngest 6 months old and the eldest 14 years of age. The father, Edwin Hudson, left his family about three months ago and it is thought he is somewhere in the vicinity of Johnsonburg. The mother, Mrs. Mary Hudson, is about 36 years of age and her children are: John, aged 14; Bertha, aged 13; Maggie, aged 12; May, aged 10; Henry, aged 8; Harry, aged 5; Sarah, aged 4; Myrtle, aged 3, and Charles, aged 6 months. They live on charity.

Humane Agent Driscoll is endeavoring to make some provision for the children and has investigated the case. He says it is one of the worst cases of destitution and criminology in children that has ever been brought to his notice.

The children, from the babies to the eldest, and the girls as well as the boys, chew tobacco and use profanity. The children are absolutely fearless and when molested in any way fight generally a winning battle with sticks and stones.

Some of the county poor officials recently drove to the Hudson shanty to take the children and their mother to the poor house until some arrangements could be made for their future care. As soon as they made known their purpose the family started to hurl stones and sticks at them and amid a perfect fusillade of missiles they were obliged to drive away.

The house in which the family live is a mere shanty. Strange as it may seem the interior is neat and clean, although almost destitute of furniture. Humane Agent Driscoll succeeded in getting the family to stand in front of their humble home to have their pictures taken and succeeded in getting a good likeness of the family. The children, with the exception of the infant child will probably be taken before the court on the charge of lawlessness and then some disposition made of them.

Death of Thos. Whitton.

Thomas Whitton, president of the Dotterweich Brewing Co. and a member of the common council of Olean, died at 10 o'clock Monday morning of heart failure. He was found in an unconscious condition by his daughter who went to call him for breakfast. Dr. Loughler worked over him for an hour in an effort to restore consciousness, but to no avail. He leaves a wife and family. He was 46 years of age and made his wealth in the lumber business in this vicinity.

Thos. Whitton was well known and highly esteemed throughout this part of the country. He was formerly extensively engaged in the lumber business and was financially successful. His sympathy and charity for the unfortunate was liberal and substantial. Many a person, now in good circumstances, owes his prosperity to the timely aid and generosity of Tom Whitton. His acts of kindness form a monument to his memory more enduring than the granite or marble that may mark his final resting place.

Child Dies of Heart Disease.

The 6-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Williamson of Bradford died suddenly Monday night at the United Brethren church, Bradford, of heart failure.

The boy had been practicing for the children's Christmas exercises in which he was to participate, and was leaving the church, when he suddenly fell over on the stairway leading to the front. His companions screamed at once for help and a number of adults responded. Several physicians were summoned, but could do nothing for the little one. His death had been almost instantaneous. The child had been ill of mumps, but had recovered and was considered to be in perfect health. The body was taken to the family house in an ambulance.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 19, 1903:

Lillian F. Barrous, C. F. Colligan, J. L. Ford, Mrs. A. B. Frisbee, Miss Clara Harding, A. V. Hill, P. R. Paw. H. Peterson, Mrs. Mary Phelps, Geo. W. Richer 2, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rigby, Carrucci Tomayo, Joseph Wimber, Miss Clara Worden 2.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Books for Gifts.

Our stock of books for the holiday trade is unusually large. We have them to suit all ages and classes of readers from 7 to 70 years.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE.

GREETINGS OF THE SEASON.

Are Extended to the "Miner's" Readers, Patrons and Friends.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Farewell to 1903—Welcome 1904—We Issue No Paper Next Week.

We take this occasion to extend our greetings and best wishes to the readers and patrons of the MINER. This is our 52nd and last number in the year 1903. During this as well as other years we have tried to please our readers and other patrons by getting out a wholesome, newsy paper. How well we have succeeded you can best tell.

This is the time of year more than any other that we should feel and live up to that maxim, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." We should forgive and forget the little shortcomings of our neighbors so that on this beautiful Christmas Day (no weather conditions can be rough enough to substantially mar the beauties of this day) we will know that we are better for it. Remember and assist those less fortunate than yourself. There is more nutriment to the soul in one little act of kindness than there is in a dozen elaborate Christmas dinners. Make some unfortunate happy for this day for it is the noblest way of serving God.

The MINER is going to make the force, at least, happy by not publishing a paper next week. This is the first time under the present management that an issue has been skipped and this is partially because there are 53 publication days in this year. On January 7, 1904, the MINER will come to you again brighter and better than ever for the rest, we hope.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year we will lay aside our shears and pencil for the year 1903.

Music in the Methodist Church.

In Miss Gallup's retirement from the position of organist and chorister of the Methodist church, after more than two years of successful work, she leaves a vacancy not easy to fill. The church, therefore, is to be congratulated upon securing Mrs. J. C. Brown as organist and Mr. George Grant as chorister.

Mrs. Brown is recognized as one of the first musicians of Smethport. Before coming here she was organist of the Rupert M. E. church, Dayton, Ohio, a church which has one of the best organs in the State.

Mr. Grant is the head of a musical family. One son, Albert, has been a valued member of the Methodist choir for some time; another son, Joseph, whose daughter presided most acceptably at the Methodist church in Miss Gallup's absence last spring, made a good impression by solos rendered last winter.

Mr. Grant himself has sung but little in Smethport, but those who have heard him speak most favorably of the excellent quality of his voice. He at one time sang for the well-known Ohio evangelist, S. A. Keen, and is a chorister of experience.

Christmas at St. Luke's.

The Christmas services at St. Luke's will begin on Christmas eve (Thursday) at 6:30 o'clock. Carols will be sung by the junior choir. After the service in the church there will be a tree and an entertainment in the parish house.

The service and tree at All Saints', East Smethport, will be at 4 p. m. Thursday.

On Christmas Day there will be celebrations of the Holy Eucharist at 8 and 10:30 a. m., and evensong at 7:30 p. m., with carols and Christmas hymns. At the 10:30 a. m. service a new communion service by Arthur E. M. Custance will be sung. Also a new Christmas anthem by the same popular author. The service will include the old "Adeste Fideles" and the magnificat.

On Sunday, Dec. 27th, St. John's Day, the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m.

On Saturday and Monday at 8 a. m. All are cordially invited to attend the services.

"He and she both GOT THE HABIT of going to Hamlin's for their X'mas goods during the Holidays and their substantial hardware and building material the balance of the year. They don't get over it. ACQUIRE THE HABIT yourself and you won't regret it."

If you wish to make a relative or friend a beautiful Christmas present that will always be appreciated a kodak is the very thing. The Eastman kodak is the best in the world. You can get one at McCoy's Drug Store for from $1.00 up to $20.00.

A new line of robes and blankets has just arrived at my store. The variety is large and I give the best value for the money. Every article is guaranteed.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Get your oysters and clams at Harrington's Restaurant. They are best.

Miners' Wages Reduced.

A dispatch from Altoona, dated Dec. 21, says: The Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Coal and Coke Co. announced to-day a wage reduction at its Helvetia operations, amounting to 10 per cent., to go into effect January 1. While the Helvetia mine are a comparatively insignificant par of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Co.'s workings, the reduction is considered prophetic of a more sweeping move by the company shortly which will cut the wages of no less than 16,000 men. The worst feature of the situation lies in the fact that with this great corporation taking the initiative in violating the Altoona scale, other competing companies in the field may follow suit with a far reaching result on the miners of the central field. So far the big mining companies in the nearby counties have paid the Altoona scale without demur. Patrick Gilday said to-day: "Our union will fight scale violations with all its strength. We have heard rumors of scale violations from time to time, but this last is most serious. If there is general trouble in the field it will be the fault of the operators, not ours."

Death of Wm. Daly.

Our Larabee correspondent writes: Died, at the home of his brother Dennis on Thursday evening last, Wm. Daly, aged 53 years. The deceased was born in Lawrence, N. H., and at an early age came with his parents to Wellsville, N. Y., where the greater portion of his life was spent. Some two years ago his health began to fail, and since then he has made his home with his brother at this place. His was a quiet, gentle disposition which won for him many friends. He leaves to mourn his less two brothers and two sisters, i. e., Dennis of this place, John of Salamanca, N. Y., Mrs. Cook of Galeton and Miss B. M. Daly of Oil City. Short funeral services were held at the home Monday morning at 8 o'clock, after which the remains were taken to Wellsville, N. Y., for interment.

Has Gone South.

Bion H. Butler, formerly editor of the Era, who for nearly nine years has been an editorial writer on the Pittsburg Times, has severed his connection with the paper and gone South to give his personal attention to a fruit plantation which he owns at Southern Pines, N. C. Mr. Butler was tendered a banquet by newspaper friends, before leaving the Smoky City. While on the Times the former Bradfordian has done good work, one of his most notable assignments being a special trip to the oil fields of Russia. Although he does not speak the Russian language he "got there just the same" and secured the information desired. His editorials, his "Wooden Indian" sketches and other articles have been interesting features of the Times.—Bradford Era.

Glass Manufacturers' Meeting.

The window glass manufacturers of the "mountain district" will hold an adjourned meeting in Pittsburg next Tuesday. It is expected the desired number of signatures to the combination agreement will be obtained then. There is practically a window glass famine in the country, say manufacturers. A large proportion of the glass now in the hands of manufacturers and jobbers is not suitable for all orders. There are about 900 pots now operating and the stocks in manufacturers' and jobbers' hands do not exceed 1,350,000 boxes. A year ago, with 2,800 pots operating, the combined stocks in the country amounted to about 2,500,000 boxes. The Smethport factories will be represented.

Dialogue.

Who has the largest and best stock of goods in town and at lowest prices for cash?

D. C. Young, at his store, corner of Main and Union Sts.

Where will I find the Purple Trading Stamps?

At store of D. C. Young and at fourteen other stores in borough of Smethport associated with him in giving out Purple Trading Stamps.

Do you think the premiums given for Purple Trading Stamps are better than premiums offered by other dealers in trading stamps?

I do. To convince you, would ask you to go to store of D. C. Young and look over premiums which you will find the best ever offered for Trading Stamps.

Is any inducement offered to get a book filled with stamps, so that we can get premiums for Christmas presents?

Yes, D. C. Young is offering at his store on all cash purchases, Double Trading Stamps, for the entire week before Christmas.

Strapped Swedish Bells,

the latest and finest thing yet in sleigh bells, shaft chimes and string bells. Another large shipment just in.

Holmes & Gilfillan,
The Great Supply House.

For first-class oysters and clams in bulk or served in any style call at Harrington's Restaurant. They are always fresh and the prices are reasonable.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Weismantle, the horseshoer at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A... Christmas Audience

By REBECCA OTTOLENGUI

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We were doing "Ten Nights In a Barroom" in the ten-twenty-thirty houses in the small towns at the time when that scale of prices enjoyed great vogue throughout many sections of this country. We were making a jump of sixty miles over a particularly poor stretch of railroad, and every one was in a bad humor owing to the fact that we were bound to arrive too late for our Christmas dinner, and as we had a matinee at 2 o'clock sharp we were doomed to fast until supper time. Our discontent, aggravated by the irregularity with which the ghost had recently been walking, brought about a conversation upon the unreliability of ten-twenty-thirty managers in general and of ours in particular.

"You youngsters may consider this a trifle tough," observed the first old man, "but this is nothing to what I have been through. Last Christmas I was in Manitoba. 'Ten Nights' was our bill too. We struck a little town the name of which I forget, but I do remember that we were booked for two nights and of course the usual Christmas matinee. We arrived at about 5 in the morning, and the company started at once for the hotel recommended by the alleged advance agent, who, I may add parenthetically, had the faculty of getting things wrong oftener than any man I have ever met.

"So I called the manager aside and made a quick touch for $2. I got 20 cents, which was exactly 20 cents more than I expected, but I concealed my elation as best I could and informed the manager that I guessed I should go to another place of which I had heard. He said that, as we were paying our own board, it made no difference to him, cautioned me to remember that we were to play in the hall above the brick livery stable and not in the schoolhouse, as advertised, and then rushed on to join the others of the company, looking back as he went, doubtless wondering what in all creation a man could want with 20 cents in such a town.

"I started in toward what appeared to be the proper place for the middle of the village, and, seeing a saloon the external appearance of which seemed to indicate that I could there get more than one drink for my 20 cents, I dropped in. I say 'dropped in' advisedly, for, while there was nothing to lead one to suspect that the floor of the saloon was not on the street level, it was really about a foot below it. Naturally, therefore, as I stepped in I fell headlong. My moist overcoat, with its long fur cuffs and deep fur collar"—here the first old man paused and looked about him impressively—"picked up a large portion of the sawdust with which the floor was bestrewn, and when some of the hangers on about the place assisted me to my feet I was a sight and no mistake. However, I soon forgot my troubles, and it is possible that I was assisted in reaching that more pleasant mental condition by the numerous 'rounds' paid for by the only other man present besides myself, who appeared to be a stranger. I there learned, too, that the village had long been in need of a fire department and that Christmas night had been set aside for an entertainment in which, it would appear from the conversation, every man, woman and child in the place was to participate. Indeed I marveled at the shortsightedness of this policy of having the entire population as entertainers, leaving no one to play the role of spectator. My heart sunk when I heard of this opposition, for I knew that our manager had less than $12 in cash at the time, while the railroad fare to the next stand was more than $25.

I FELL HEADLONG.

"But in good company, especially when that good company has an apparently inexhaustible supply of money, trouble does not rest heavily upon one's shoulders, and I had soon forgotten that there was such a thing in the world as bad luck.

"My new found friend, James Windus, was a strikingly handsome fellow. He was immaculately dressed, and I could not help mentally calculating that his sealskin ulster would have sold for enough to pay the board of our entire company for several months. Windus professed to have taken a great fancy to me, and we were soon on terms of intimacy, as close as though we had known each other for years. Windus intimated that he was traveling through Canada in the interest of a syndicate organized for the purpose of wiping out the so called beef trust in the United States. At any rate he had contracted in that neighborhood for hundreds of cattle to be delivered during the following summer. He had paid deposits in many instances, and whatever doubt of his responsibility the suspicious Manitobans may have had was quickly dispelled by the promptness with which the checks to his order were cashed by the local merchants, who were vastly impressed by the name of the big packing firm at the bottom of the paper. Windus had become exceedingly popular, although he had been in the town less than ten days prior to the arrival of our company.

"It was manifest at a glance that this man was no dude. Aside from the fact that he was particularly well built, there was about his every step that indefinable sinuousness which indicates the man of athletic training.

"I had lost all track of time. It had not once occurred to me that I had neglected to engage board and that we were advertised to give a matinee at 2 o'clock. Some one started finally for the door with the semiapologetic statement that while he disliked to leave so jolly a crowd he would be compelled to do so, as his wife had made him promise to be home sharp on time for dinner. That lady, it developed, wished to get away promptly to attend to her duties in connection with the fire company entertainment of the evening.

"That brought me to my senses—temporarily. I had previously told Windus of my connection with the theatrical crowd, and, knowing that the manager would not object to having a man with real money around in case of necessity, I made bold to invite him to meet me at the theater at half past 1 for the purpose of going 'back' during the performance. He accepted the invitation and in turn insisted that I should be his guest at dinner, explaining that he had two very fair rooms over the saloon.

"The snow had begun to fall in heavy flakes shortly after I reached the place, and when we looked out the ground was covered to the depth of several inches. I was convinced that the combined opposition of Christmas dinners and that snowstorm would effectually destroy whatever possibilities of a good matinee had previously existed. Then, too, the prospect of a substantial, home cooked meal tempted me, and I yielded. The other members of the little group left after awhile, and Windus and I got into an animated discussion of the relative claims of New York and Chicago to recognition as the metropolis of the United States. We were becoming a trifle heated when the proprietor announced that dinner awaited us upstairs.

"And what a dinner that was! A turkey which must have weighed fifteen pounds and was roasted to a turn lay in all his savory glory at one end of the table. Celery and the other regulation Christmas trimmings flanked his turkeyship, while from an adjoining room issued a pungent odor which told in unmistakable terms that we were to wind up with a plum pudding made by a person who understood the concocting of this most important feature of a real Christmas blowout. Windus did the honors as if to the manner born and, while I protested that he had helped me to more than I could possibly dispose of without the certainty of an after attack of indigestion, I could not help admiring the perspicacity which had enabled him to discern that I was a mighty hungry man. I waited politely, though, I must confess, rather impatiently, for him to help himself before beginning my attack upon the appetizing viands.

"When he had served himself, rather sparingly, as I thought, in view of the elaborateness of the repast, I grasped my knife and fork and cut off a piece of the breast. The juice actually followed the steel."

The first old man again paused. Every member of the company sat up straight and evinced the first acute interest in the narrative. One or two of the people stealthily brought out packages containing dried-to-a-crisp sandwiches, smuggled against the rules from the table of the hotel at the last stand. It was manifest that the tale was increasing rather than allaying the dissatisfaction produced by the dismal prospect ahead of us.

The first old man continued: "Yes, I was just about to take my first mouthful of the turkey when the proprietor of the place thrust his head through the doorway and, yelling 'The theater's on fire!' rushed pellmell down the steps. It transpired that he was the moving spirit in the plan to organize a fire department and was slated to be the first chief. Hungry as I was, the prospect of being stranded in that jay village was too horrible for contemplation, and I dashed from the room, followed by Windus. We found that some hay in the livery stable on the floor below the theater was afire. The entire village was on hand, and every man appeared to be in the way of every other man. Suggestions were as numerous as snowflakes; but, aside from these, there was 'nothing doing.' Finally some genius in a spasm of inspiration suggested that what was most needed just then was water. Some of us rushed to the well at the rear of the stable only to find that the chain was frozen in hard. Hot water was obtained, the chain was thawed clear, and there was every prospect of extinguishing the blaze in short order when—the chain broke. It then became necessary to form a bucket brigade. The members were obliged to walk nearly the distance of a city block for water. It is therefore not surprising that by the time the second 'round' had been made the fire had extended to the stage above the stable, where were all our costumes. These were totally destroyed.

"It was an awful blow to our company, not so much because of the loss of the costumes, for costumes, as you all know, do not cut much figure in 'Ten Nights In a Barroom,' and the street clothes of most of us would have made very fair substitutes. But all of what would have been our hotel trunks, had we been in position to indulge in such modern luxuries, had been sent to the theater. Accordingly, aside from the apparel at the time on our backs, we were practically clotheless.

"There was the greatest scurrying about you ever saw. The manager again informed us with that exasperat-

"THE PERFORMANCE WENT OFF VERY SMOOTHLY."

ingly easy air of comforting assurance which had caused him to be cordially hated by all of his people that the money in his possession was less than half of what was necessary to transport us to the next stand. Things looked mighty blue, I can tell you.

"At this juncture Windus came to the front like a man.

"'Hire the ballroom of the hotel,' he suggested, 'and give the entertainment there.'

"'A splendid idea,' replied the manager, who forthwith set out to make arrangements for the hall and to have handbills announcing the change printed. The hall was readily secured, but there was no printing office in the town. I got hold of the dregs in a can of green paint in the hotel and with the aid of the proprietor's wife, an old sheet and a couple of mop handles soon had a very fair sandwich sign constructed. The wind was blowing a gale, and the property man, who was sent out with the 'sandwich,' promptly returned, vowing that nothing would induce him to venture forth again. The leading man was the most athletic member of our company, and, despite his protests, he was sent out with the 'sandwich.' Within five minutes he returned minus the 'sandwich,' which had been blown to ribbons. As a last resort we stuck a notice up in the postoffice.

"At 6 o'clock the drug store reported that not a seat had been sold, and once more Windus came to the front. Calling the members of the company aside, he said: 'Give this performance tonight. Don't be worried about getting to the next stand. Here are some five dollar goldpieces, United States money at that, one for each of you. Keep the facts of this little gift away from the manager. I shall tell him that if he will give his performance before me tonight I will pay him $50 in gold when the final curtain falls.'

"Talk about your New York hits and that sort of thing! Nothing that ever happened to us could have made us happier. You would not have suspected that we had but a few minutes earlier lost practically all we owned. The hotel served an early supper, and we went to the theater with light hearts. No seats had yet been sold. The same condition prevailed at 7:30. Even Windus had not arrived. We sent out a scouting party and learned that he had been celebrating his triumph in having a special performance all to himself a trifle too heavily, and the town constable had inconsiderately locked him up. Our manager, seeing the promised $50 going a-glimmering, tried to negotiate with the officer, but that official was obdurate. Finally in consideration of $10, which the manager reluctantly paid, leaving himself practically broke, Windus was liberated and was soon seated in the hotel ballroom. The performance went off very smoothly, and Windus applauded during the first two acts at every possible opportunity.

"There was a long delay between the second and third acts, and when the sheet which did duty as a curtain was drawn aside Windus had disappeared. We immediately 'closed in' again, the manager, not knowing of the gifts to us, suspecting treachery. Just then the hotel proprietor came back. He was very indignant as he explained that the constable had rearrested Windus; his authority being a telegram from the chief of police of Winnipeg, who asserted that Windus was one of the most skillful counterfeiters in the world and that he was suspected of then having in his possession several thousand spurious five dollar goldpieces."

A Test.

"I shan't call again."

"Why not?"

"Oh, she isn't accustomed to good society."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. I told her only a few of our minor scandals, and anybody could see she was horrified. Indeed, she scarcely tried to conceal it."—Detroit Free Press.

Knowledge.

Knowledge ought to bring us happiness, whether it brings us money or not; for knowledge is life, and no man lives in this age who has not knowledge; for ignorance has neither life nor happiness more than comes to that which grazes in a field.—Schoolmaster.

Time never drags nor does life ever seem monotonous to those who are always working, thinking, learning and growing.—Maxwell's Talisman.

It is a good plan occasionally to take your troubles to some one who will point out that you are to blame for having them.—Atchison Globe.

THE HEART OF HUNGARY.

Pest, Which Is Joined by a Hyphen and Five Bridges to Buda.

Situated on a river which hears more tongues than any other on its long journey to the sea, feeling the influence of the orient as well as the occident, expressive of the progress of a race whose heart is young, is Pest, one of the newest of cities, joined by a hyphen and five bridges to Buda, one of the oldest of capitals. Here there need be no strife between the sentiment that would preserve an ancient building and the enterprise that would put something more serviceable in its place. In much the same way that one may have portraits of his ancestors hung on the walls of a steam heated house, without interfering with the utilities, so the beggar from a comfortable chair in his cafe, while he listens to stock exchange quotations or the opera over the telephone, may look across the Danube at the monuments of the Hungarian past. On our part we should have a parallel if Washington were the commercial metropolis as well as the capital and we moved the heights of Arlington farther down the Potomac and crowned them with Liberty hall, Castle William and Old South church.

In other European cities where an old municipal site adjoins a modern, though hills are leveled and moats filled, the cramping effect of narrow alleyways and crooked streets still remains. The heights of the Buda side formed a natural stronghold in the middle ages. There the first Hungarian king was crowned; there the Turkish janizaries were encamped for the hundred years that the walls of Vienna were an unyielding bulwark against the tide of Moslem invasion; there in later times the patriots inspired by Kossuth made a gallant stand. The successors of the old warriors and their people had only to cross the stream to find a plain which was equally suitable for a twentieth century city, where in peace they have won successes that they failed to win in war.—Frederick Palmer in Scribner's.

WHEN MAN IS ENVIED.

When he doesn't have to twist his arms to hook his bodice up the back.

When he can wear his best hat in the rain without getting the curl out of the feathers.

When he gives his hair a neat little slick with a comb and, presto! his coiffure is complete.

When the children cry and he can whistle a tune, get his hat, bang the door and go out.

When he stows things away in his multitudinous pockets and saunters on with unincumbered hands.

When he trips up the street on a rainy day with his trousers jauntily turned up and no skirts to kick.

When he swings easily on and off a moving car without danger of tangling his heels in his petticoats.

When the dinner is spoiled and he chats unconcernedly and all the guests pity him because he is married to an incompetent, fussy, discomposed woman.—Chicago Journal.

Beauty's Varieties.

The French say there are several "ages" as well as kinds of beauty—the beauty of mere youthfulness, which they call la beaute du diable; also a beauty of "ugliness," of "old age" and of "thinness," called la beaute du singe. Frederika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, had the beauty of "plainness." She was so very plain of face that her expression of trustfulness, as though appealing to you to find some other qualities in her than mere "looks," shone out with a perfect radiance that ennobled her face and drew friends to her, because she had no other beauty. But Miss Bremer took pleasure in her well kept hands, of which she used to say, "Even hands have their moments of charm."

Wild Animals and the Human Voice.

Gordon Cumming was perhaps the first to discover the effect of the human voice upon wild animals. On one occasion he had a lioness in full retreat before him. He called loudly to her, whereupon she squatted like a huge dog and permitted him to approach. In a similar venture he checked the charge of a lioness by yelling at her and continued to do so, while she remained perplexedly sniffing the ground and allowed him to escape.

Time to Get Aboard.

"Porter, is my ticket good on this train?"

"Yes, sah. Step right in, sah."

"This is a fast train, ain't it?"

"It's de fast mail, sah."

"How fast does it run?"

"Sometimes a mile a minute, sah."

"Whew! Does it ever leave the track?"

"No, sah, but it sometimes leaves de passengers. Better git aboard, sah."—Kansas City Journal.

Squaring Himself.

Stage Carpenter (who has been sent on in an emergency to say a line)—My lord, the police have discovered your whereabouts and even now approach.

The Bold, Bad Baron—'Tis false—false!

The Stage Carpenter—All right. Then you go and ask the blooming stage manager. He told me.—London Telegraph.

After the Wedding.

He—It certainly was a pretty wedding, and everything was so nicely arranged.

She—That's just what I think. And the music was especially appropriate.

He—I don't remember. What did they play?

She—"The Last Hope."—Lippincott's Magazine.

One Difference.

Admirer—Yes, and her mind is as fair as her face.

Knocker—But the latter is a good deal more quickly made up.—Baltimore American.

One is rich when one is sure of the morrow.—Chevalier.

QUEER NATURAL HISTORY.

Some Curious Eighteenth Century Notions About Animals.

Some curious specimens of folklore and natural history are contained in a rare book called "The Sportsman's Dictionary," which was published 100 years ago. The author was evidently a Philistine among Philistines in his attitude toward nature.

Of the raven he remarks: "This bird is known by all persons; and is better to be eaten than kept, being much sweeter to the palate when dead and well roasted than to the ear while living; sings about three months in the year, or four at most; though his song is worth nothing, but if he be taught to whistle he is of some value, being very loud though coarse." What an ear and mind!

And here is a story of the squirrel with the ring in proof the seventeenth even more than the eighteenth century. It reminds one of the hares of Izaak Walton that changed their sexes once a year:

"If what is reported of them be true the admirable cunning of the squirrel appears in her (where we commonly use 'his' when the sex need not be specified our ancestors often used 'her') swimming or passing over a river, for when she is constrained by hunger so to do she seeks out some rind or small bark of a tree, which she sets upon the water and then goes into it, and, holding up her tail like a sail, lets the wind drive her to the other side and carries meat in her mouth to prevent being famished by the length of the voyage."

Of the wild boar we have this: "And what place soever he bites, whether man or dog, the heat of his teeth causes inflammation in the wound. If thereafore he does but touch the hair of a dog he burns off—nay, huntsmen have tried the heat of his teeth by laying hairs on them as soon as he was dead, and they have shrivveled up as if touched with a hot iron."

OLD HOUSES ON THE HUDSON

They Are Picturesque, but Sadly Lacking in Comfort.

Dutch customs still prevail to a surprising extent in the old villages up the Hudson and the modern housekeeper from the city who takes a picturesque dwelling, built about 1690, for a summer home is confronted by some bewildering conditions.

While water and the scrubbing brush were and are much in evidence, the sanitation of the bedrooms does not meet modern requirements. In fact, unless the house has been materially altered there were no bedrooms, distinctly such, but from each of the five rooms on the one door kitchen, included, open recesses or alcoves just large enough to contain a double bed, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

These used to be filled with "four-posters," having trundle beds beneath, so that a family of twenty persons was easily accommodated, and, if necessary, more people could be pinned in the open garret, generally reserved for storage purposes.

Reverence for the past and its traditions may induce the house mistress to put her bed in such an alcove at first, but one night's experience of its stuffiness usually suffices, especially as it is impossible to make the bed unless it is rolled out daily, for no space was allowed for going about it.

However, the recesses meet the modern requirements for closet room, and, remodeled with hooks and curtains, they fill what would otherwise be a decided need, since the only places prepared on which to hang clothes are three hand turned and extremely fat wooden pegs placed between door and window in each room, reminding one of Matthew Vassar's three pegs at the college: "for bonnet, shawl and Sunday dress."

Acquiring a Reputation.

Archbishop Howley, who lived in the eighteenth century, most unjustly got the reputation of swearing like a trooper. The explanation is that the Duke of Cumberland, who fought the battle of Culloden and who was unspeakably profane, once went in quest of the primate to get his assistance about a certain bill which he disliked. He returned to the house of lords, saying: "It's all right, my lords. I've seen the archbishop, and he says he'll see the promoters to —— before he'll vote for the —— bill." As a matter of fact, all the profanity had been supplied quite in the ordinary run of conversation by the duke.

His Faux Pas.

They were uttering the tender nonsense that succeeds the great question.

"And," said the girl bravely, "if poverty comes we will face it together."

"Ah, dearest," he replied, "the mere sight of your face would scare the wolf away."

And ever since he has wondered why she returned the ring.—New York Tribune.

He Could Pose.

"Why do you think he'll be a famous novelist?"

"He poses for photographs so well, with his arms folded and looking as if he was thinking."—Judge.

No Encouragement Needed.

Her Father—What? You say you're engaged to Fred? I thought I told you not to give him any encouragement?

His Daughter—I don't. He doesn't need any.—New Yorker.

A Provident Mind.

He—I think I'll go and speak to your father at once. He can't do more than kick me out.

She—It seems a pity to risk it, dear, in that good suit.—Life.

Unfavorable Conditions For Study.

"Hazel came over tonight to study with me," explained Dorothy.

"And did you do much studying?"

"Well, we would have if there hadn't been so much to talk about."—Chicago Post.

Remember you must die. Let this not startle you, but let it soften you while there is yet time to do some good in the world.—Schoolmaster.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Haman's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
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All legal business attended to promptly.

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Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

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All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

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—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office over J. W. Voorhees' Drug Store. Calls answered promptly day or night.
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H. L. McCoy,
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Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

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Bell 'phone at house and store.
Office Hours: 10-12 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-8 p. m.

Hotels.

Grand Central Hotel,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
State Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

Hotel Imperial,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

The Fleming Hotel,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style.
First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
M. B. PIERCE, Proprietor.

Sartwell House,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, Proprietor.

Chadwick House,
D. R. McDonald, Proprietor,
Larabee, Penn'a.
First-class in every respect.
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

Commercial House,
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

Bayer House,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

MODERN PHARMACY.

Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, scientific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

J. W. Voorhees,

Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa.

WE DIDN'T BUY

a large assortment of

CUT GLASS,
JAPANESE, FRENCH
and GERMAN CHINA,
SILVERWARE,
BRIC-A-BRAC and
USEFUL HOUSEHOLD GIFTS

for Christmas, but what we did buy are of the finest and latest patterns. No old stock carried over. Come in now and take your pick before they are sorted over.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 24, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read the new advertisement of "The Fair" this week.

—Social functions will be numerous in Smethport during the holidays.

—Business is getting lively in police court circles. Three paid fines Sunday morning.

—A slight change appears in the advertisement of F. G. Lindholm & Co. this week.

—You will find a trained faculty and excellent facilities in the Clarion State Normal School. Winter term begins Jan. 4.

—The difficulty between the management of the Auditorium, Port Allegany's new theatre, and union labor of that place has been settled.

—Edinboro Normal prepares students for teaching and also for college. Next term begins Dec. 28th. Send for catalogue. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—Holmes & Gilfillan tell of the advantages of the Garnet Jewel Heaters in this issue. They are great to bring Christmas cheer to the home.

—"A Foxy Tramp" Company, which started out from Olean a few weeks ago, has gone to the wall. It was disbanded at Connellsville a few days ago.

—The extensive collections in mineralogy and archaeology in the Allen Museum at Alfred University are undergoing rearrangement and cataloging.

—An Italian boy in Bradford maliciously set fire to the clothing of his schoolmates in the cloak room of the third ward school on Monday. The act was discovered in time to prevent a disastrous fire.

—Alex Welfing, a Potter county hunter, informs the Potter Enterprise that he has killed five black bears so far this season. Black bears are more numerous in Potter and McKean counties this season than in many years.

—Stephen D. Worden, aged 19 years, was instantly killed at Olean last Friday. He was assisting in moving a house and was near the windlass when the rope broke. The sweep of the windlass flew around and struck him on the side of the head.

—Near Randolph, N. Y., a spring has been poisoned for the purpose of causing deaths in the farm home of a man who has a murderous enemy. The authorities are investigating the matter and it is hoped that they may succeed in convicting the poisoner. It is difficult to imagine a more cowardly or fiendish crime than the poisoning of a spring.

—Harry W. Brown left Tuesday for Bradford enroute to the Philippines, where he expects to spend the next three years as an instructor of the youth of the islands. Mr. Brown will spend 8 or 10 days with friends in California before embarking on the long ocean voyage across the Pacific.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—The six-months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Sone Lunden was given a toy watch and chain as a plaything Sunday, and after a course of investigation the youngster concluded that the outfit was listed as an edible and proceeded to swallow same. The chain went all right but the watch proved one too many. The aid of a physician was necessary before the chain could be withdrawn from the throat of the child, which fortunately suffered no permanent injury.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—The following dispatch from Norfolk, Va., dated Dec. 18, is important if true: The trial of a flying machine, made yesterday near Kitty Park, N. C., by Wilbur and Orville Wright of Dayton, O., was a complete success. The machine flew for three miles in the face of a wind blowing at a registered velocity of 21 miles an hour, and then gracefully descended to earth at a spot selected by the man in the navigator's car as a suitable landing place. The machine has no balloon attachment but gets its force from propellers worked by a small engine.

Purple Trading Stamps.

Headquarters for premiums at store of D. C. Young. Finest premiums ever offered. The week before Christmas, commencing Friday, Dec 18th, we will give DOUBLE TRADING STAMPS with all cash purchases. Come early and avoid the rush. Get your stamp book filled and get a nice premium for Christmas. D. C. YOUNG.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 14, 1903.

Low Rates West via Nickle Plate Rd.

Special one way colonist tickets to points throughout the west and southwest, on sale first and third Tuesday each month to April, 1904. If going west this winter see local agents, or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Special Homeseekers Excursions.

Via the Nickel Plate Road. Extremely low rates to all points in the west and southwest. First and third Tuesday of each month to April, 1904. Good return limit. Full particulars of local agents, or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

"He and she both GOT THE HABIT of *going to Hamlin's for their X'mas goods* during the Holidays and their substantial hardware and building material the balance of the year. They don't get over it. ACQUIRE THE HABIT yourself and you wont regret it."

Richard Koenig is making 28 photographs for 25 cents. Call and see samples and leave orders at R. C. Gleason's studio.

Try buying your Christmas goods of Holder.

Whistling For Wind.

No sooner had we rounded the cape than the wind dropped and we nearly came to a standstill. Our "kamudi"—i. e., captain and steersman—did the best he could do for us, but in vain. We were doomed to drift about some hours without much progress. He would whistle softly and enticingly or would change his tone and with pouted lips whistle angrily and viciously for the wind that would not come to help us on. I have often wondered what can have been the origin of whistling for the wind. That the custom is of undoubted practical utility is the firm belief of many races of seafarers, from the English sea captain to the humble Malay kamudi. I was on one occasion very roughly spoken to by a captain in the Irish channel for casually whistling in a gale of wind. He thought it a piece of gross carelessness on my part which might lead to serious consequences. Here in Celebes, too, I was warned to be careful not to laugh when the kamudi screwed his face up into an intensely ludicrous expression of feigned passion and whistled angrily for the wind to come, for the Malay seaman's belief in the efficacy of this mode of raising the wind is a serious one and will not brook being made an object of derision. Soon after midnight a favorable breeze sprang up, and by sunrise we were passing the little islands of Ganga and Tindeh.—Sidney J. Hickson in "A Naturalist In North Celebes."

Shouted as Loud as Li.

There was much rudeness in Li Hung Chang's manner, but if he was answered back in his own coin he melted into graciousness. Once a junior member of a British consulate was sent to interview the viceroy on some matter. In the vast audience hall he found no one to receive him, so he took a chair near the door. Eventually Li and his following appeared at the other end of the hall on some lofty seats, and the viceroy started shouting to him in the difficult Anhui accent. To the utter dumfounding of every one present, contrary to all principles of Chinese etiquette, the young Englishman shouted back his answer in the same loud, rough voice as far as he could imitate it in which Li had spoken to him. Every one in the suit was stricken with horror. Even Li started and spoke lower. Gradually the conversation assumed a convenient tone, and, after a bit Li, with a humorous smile, beckoned the young man to come up higher and sit down beside him. They soon became excellent friends.—London Men and Women.

A Defense of Slang.

So far from being an evidence of a national levity and lack of seriousness slang is the language of sincerity. It is the result of an instinctive effort to get as far away as possible from everything like pretentiousness. It is the antipodes of bathos. It is the language of the whole people, because it is expressive of the national sense of humor that is never so keen as when it contemplates with a joy likewise unutterable the spectacle presented by a fake exposed. It is human, it is crude, it is brutal sometimes, but it is always sincere. It directs against the citadels of evil the mighty enginery of laughter. It does for our nascent causes what the mordant satire of Aristial and Juvenal failed to do for decadent Rome.—Professor Herman Spencer in Booklovers' Magazine.

His Study of the Heart.

In his memoirs Adolf Kussmaul relates a curious story of a Heidelberg banker. This banker was known for his haughty, forbidding manners; consequently Dr. Nuhn, the professor of anatomy, was much surprised one day when the banker came and sat with him in a railway car and, after a pleasant chat, asked him all sorts of questions especially about the anatomy of the heart. The next day he even called by permission in the medical department and watched the professor dissecting one of those organs. Then he drove home, and a few hours later it became known that he had committed suicide by skillfully plunging a dagger into his heart.

A Family Picture.

Copley, the English painter, was commissioned by a wealthy Bristol merchant to paint the latter and his wife. "But I want to have my deceased wife introduced as well," he said. The order was filled, but soon after the patron, half in mourning, half in wedding splendor, hurried into the studio. "I have had the misfortune to lose my second wife," declared he. "I wish to have included in the portrait the lady who now takes the head of my table." The three wives are in the picture.

Apprehension.

"Why, yes; my boy is quite ingenious—in fact, he is so interested in machinery that I'm afraid he may become an inventor."

"Afraid?"

"Yes; because, you know, if he should invent anything of value the chances are a hundred to one that somebody else will make all the money out of it."—Judge.

Wanted the Limit.

Jones—If Mr. Oldboy makes any such assertion I will denounce him as a liar.

President—Mr. Jones, I call you to order. Our bylaws do not allow you to go that far.

Jones—Then I call Mr. Oldboy a liar as far as it is permitted by the bylaws of this association.

A Historic Spot.

Husband—Are you aware, my dear, that on this grassy spot began a war that lasted ten years?

Wife—Why, John, it was here that you proposed to me.

Husband—Exactly; just ten years ago.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Try it the next time. 25c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

How Wells Clock Strikes.

The great clock of Wells cathedral in England was built in 1322 for Glastonbury abbey and ran 250 years before it was removed to Wells.

The striking mechanism of the clock is very curious and elaborate. Above the dial is a little battlemented turret, with four knights on horseback, armed with lances, standing guard round it. At some distance from the clock itself, near the end of the transept, is a life size painted figure, quaintly ugly, with a battleax in its hand, while outside the cathedral is a second large dial, guarded by two tall figures of knights in armor.

When the gilt stars point to the hour, the painted figure (Jack Blandivir, as he is called by the country people about Wells, no one knows why) strikes the quarters by striking his heels against two bells behind him and then tolls the great bell of the clock by striking it with his battleax. The two standing knights in armor strike the outside bell with their halberds, and at the first stroke of the great bell the four knights on horseback over the inside dial start at a gallop and rush round and round the turret in a minute tournament, in which one knight is thrown from his horse and regains his seat in every revolution.

Out of Tune.

A piano tuner employed by a city firm was sent to a certain suburb to tune a piano. He found the instrument in good condition and got in the least need of attention.

A few days later the firm received a letter from the owner of the piano, a lady of musical intention, stating that the piano had not been properly tuned. It was no better than before.

After receiving a reprimand from his employer the hapless tuner made another trip to the suburbs and again tested every note, only to find, as before, no fault with the instrument. This time he told the lady so.

"Yes," she said, "it does seem all right, doesn't it, when you play on it, but as soon as I begin to sing it gets all out of tune again."

Javanese Music.

The Javanese musical instruments are made mostly of bamboo. They also played upon a pipe or whistle, which was about three feet long and six inches across. This sounded like the hollow roar of a lion. Another was a bundle of tubes of different lengths, which covered the small boy who carried it like a big saddle. A log hewn out with two strings stretched across it served as a drum. A zither of sixteen strings and a mandolin of two completed their outdoor band, while inside one could hear other music made by gongs of wonderfully pure and beautiful tone.

A Donkey Decoy.

A traveler in central Africa tells of a native hunter of the Wanderobo tribe who was the possessor of a most accomplished donkey, which, with an antelope's horns strapped to its head, its body covered with a skin or painted to resemble the animal its master intended to stalk that day, was the means of drawing many an unwary creature into falling a victim to the poisoned arrows of the hunter crouching behind his four footed assistant.

FREE!

We are going to give a fine Morris Chair away to purchasers of our Coffee. This chair cannot be bought at any furniture store for less than $10.00. Come in and ask particulars and get to using the coffee and get this handsome chair free.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

A CHRISTMAS OFFER.

I will enlarge a picture in Crayon or Sepia Work for only $3.00 with a good, suitable frame half a dozen different kinds of frames to select from.

Remember such a chance on first class and guaranteed work only comes once in a life time. Small pictures returned with the Portraits.

PLEASE READ THIS.

SMETHPORT, PA., Nov. 19, 1902.

To Whom it may Concern:

I certify that Mr. Chas. Mesler of Smethport, Pa., did some portrait work for me and that it was well executed and satisfactory.

THOMAS A. MORRISON.

Now don't forget the place and this offer is only good until Christmas.

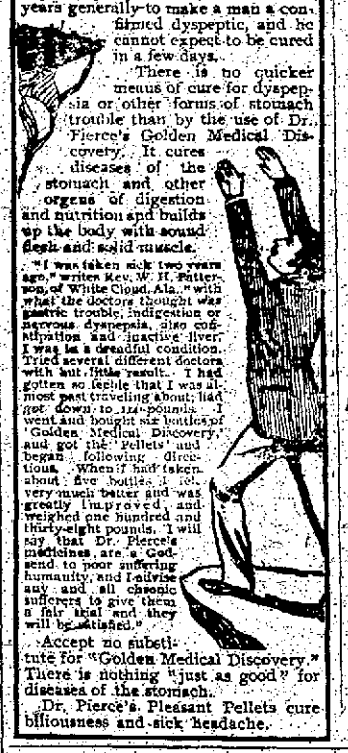
Studio at residence.

CHAS. G. MESLER,
SMETHPORT, PA.
CORNER GREEN AND PINE STREETS.

JUMPING UP

Is a great deal harder than jumping down. And yet people who have been for years running down in health expect to jump back at once. It takes years generally to make a man a confirmed dyspeptic, and he cannot expect to be cured in a few days.

There is no quicker means of cure for dyspepsia or other forms of stomach trouble than by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition and builds up the body with sound flesh and solid muscle.



"I was taken sick two years ago," writes Rev. W. H. Patterson, of White Cloud, Ala., "with what the doctors thought was gastric trouble, indigestion or nervous dyspepsia, also constipation and inactive liver. I was in a dreadful condition. Tried several different doctors with but little result. I had gotten so feeble that I was almost past traveling about; had got down to 124 pounds. I went and bought six bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and got the 'Pellets' and began following directions. When I had taken about five bottles I felt very much better and was greatly improved, and weighed one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. I will say that Dr. Pierce's medicines are a God-send to poor suffering humanity, and I advise any and all chronic sufferers to give them a fair trial and they will be satisfied."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Mail orders given prompt attention

SHOES!

Mail orders given prompt attention

SHOES! SHOES!

FOR

Men, Women and Children

All Sizes, Styles and Prices.

Now for Your Xmas Orders.

BACKUS & BACKUS,

319 W. State St.,

Mail orders given prompt attention

OLEAN, N. Y.

Mail orders given prompt attention

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's

For Fresh HOME-MADE CANDIES try us.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 24, 1903.

Announcement.

FOR TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

S. D. WEAVER.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 21, 1903.

LATE reports are to the effect that war between Russia and Japan is growing more probable every day.

THERE are rumors to the effect that Senator Boise Penrose may be chosen as the next chairman of the Republican National Committee to succeed Senator Hanna. If Senator Penrose is thus honored he will in turn honor the party by good and faithful work.

IT is pretty generally understood that the Sulzer-Grady press muzzling libel law is a dead letter, but if Governor Pennypacker succeeds in landing a seat on the Supreme Court bench it may become very much alive. Governor Pennypacker is the real father of this infamous bill, and with him on the Supreme Court bench people would be more bold in prosecuting under this act. The safest way is for the newspaper fraternity to use its best efforts to elect a sensible Republican to fill that place.

S. D. WEAVER announces his candidacy for treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Weaver has been a resident of this county for many years and is too well acquainted throughout the county to need any introduction. He formerly lived in Bradford, then in Kane and for the past seven years has held the office of clerk to the county commissioners. He is well qualified to fill the position to which he aspires and his friends feel confident of his nomination and election.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec 21, 1903.

The Chinese Commercial Treaty was ratified by the Senate without opposition. Mr. Nelson of Minnesota criticized it for not giving the United States sufficient concessions in the way of open ports and placed the blame for this on Russia, whose attitude in Manchuria might, he said, lead to trouble with this country. Other Senators agreed with Mr. Nelson, but it was argued that the treaty was the best China could give under the circumstances. Senator Lodge urged that it be ratified immediately as such action was held by the State Department to be essential. He added that the ratification of the treaty would have a good effect in the settlement of the far Eastern question.

By a bitter attack on the Administration, which reminded one of the days when he hailed Aguinaldo as a second George Washington, Senator Hoar caused a sharp party debate on the Panama question. The Senator read his speech from a carefully prepared manuscript, and this fact made his violent statements all the more remarkable. The following citation gives an idea of the character of his speech: "I want to know—and I think the American people want to know, and have a right to know—whether this mighty policeman, instructed to keep the peace on the isthmus, seeing a man about to attack another, before he had struck his blow manacled the arms of the attacked so that he could not defend himself, leaving the assailant free, and then instantly proceeded to secure from the assailant the pocketbook of the victim on the ground that he was the de facto owner." This speech caused delight among the Democrats, who would like to attack the Administration, but many of whom fear that opposition to the treaty would be a boomerang to the party. Mr. Bailey congratulated the Massachusetts Senator on being with the Democrats on the question, and Mr. Gorman aided in the attack on the Administration by calling the President a second Napoleon. "A second Napoleon indeed! Has it come to this that the United States must have a Napoleon to shape its destinies and to distort the Presidential office from its proper function?" Senator Foraker made a serious, able and dignified reply to these oratorical attacks on the President. His remarks much annoyed Senator Hoar, who then attempted to tone down his written speech before it went into the Congressional Record. Mr. Foraker demanded of Senator Hoar what right he had to call upon the President to prove that he had spoken the truth in his message to Congress.

Congress has now adjourned until after the holidays, when further debate on the Panama question is expected. There is no doubt that the treaty will be ratified.

By reaching an agreement by which the land of the Philippine friars can be purchased by our government, Governor Taft has solved one of the most irritating problems in the island. The terms of the agreement are that all the land of the friars shall be bought by the United States for seven million two hundred and fifty thousand. The Pope's approval of the agreement has been obtained and that of the War Department is now awaited. The friars first asked $15,000,000. As the money for the purchase of the lands will not be paid by the people of the United States and as the purchase will meet the general approval of the natives, President Roosevelt and Secretary Root will no doubt ratify the action of Governor Taft.

The House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads decided to make public the entire Bristow report and that document has now been printed and every member of Congress supplied with several copies. The report of Special Attorneys Charles J. Bonaparte and Holmes Conrad has also been published. It declares that Perry S. Heath was directly responsible for the abuses in the Washington postoffice, and blames former Postmaster General Charles Emory Smith for indifference to the warning given him of abuses in the Department under his administration. Postoffice affairs are much debated in the House and there is still a possibility of a Congressional investigation.

President Roosevelt has signed the Cuban reciprocity bill, which passed the Senate by a vote of 57 to 18. Many Democrats voted for the bill and but one Republican opposed it. Just before a vote was taken Senator Bailey of Texas made a long speech in which he tried to show that the action of the President and Senate in negotiating a treaty, which called for a reduction of the tariff was a violation of that part of the Constitution which declares that all revenue legislation shall originate in the House. Mr. Spooner answered Mr. Bailey in an able speech, but the entire discussion had no effect upon the vote on the measure. Enemies of the bill may take the question to the Supreme Court, but the decision will doubtless be against them.

Speaker Cannon, President pro tem Frye and President Roosevelt all signed the bill with an elaborately decorated gold pen which was supplied for the occasion by Minister Quesada of Cuba, and which will be put on exhibition in Havana. The treaty goes into effect ten days after it was signed.

The Senate Committee on Military Affairs will vote on January 4 on the nomination of General Wood to be Major General. A favorable report by the committee is assured and it is equally certain that the Senate will confirm it. Friends of the General are pleased with the decision that all the testimony in the case will be printed, as they know that it will show how false the reports of such testimony have been, that it will give them an opportunity to refute that which is hostile to the General, and that it will vindicate General Wood in the eyes of the public. One of the most important of recent developments in the case was that Secretary of War Root appeared before the Senate Committee and made a strong witness in the General's behalf, successfully refuting all charges against his military and civil record in Cuba.

An emissary from Abyssinia is on his way to Washington bearing a letter from the negro Emperor Menelik, welcoming Americans to Abyssinia "in peace and without fear." Most satisfactory reports are constantly received of the progress of Consul General Skinner's mission and it is believed that he will have no difficulty in negotiating a commercial treaty with Menelik. The Abyssinians are a progressive people and are willing to adopt Western materials and dress if they can obtain them.

Climatic Cures.

The influence of climatic conditions in the cure of consumption is very much overdrawn. The poor patient and the rich patient, too, can do much better at home by proper attention to food, direction and a regular use of German Syrup. Free expectoration in the morning is made certain by German Syrup, so is a good night's rest and the absence of that weakening cough and debilitating night sweat. Restless nights and the exhaustion due to coughing, the greatest danger and dread of the consumptive, can be prevented or stopped by taking German Syrup liberally and regularly. Should you be able to go to a warmer clime, you will find that of the thousands of consumptives there, the few who are benefitted and regain strength are those who use German Syrup. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At H. C. Wells'.

G. E. Smith of Eldred, Pa., will pay cash for buckwheat or will grind it for you. He has, in connection with his feed mill, just put in one of the best Roller Process machines made. This includes a fine "cleaner" and "huller." He can do as good a job as can be done anywhere. Try him.

Holiday goods arriving daily at Holder's. Stop in and see them. Silverware, jewelry, etc., at prices to suit the times.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration c. t. a. on the estate of J. J. Hughes, late of Annin township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to John C. Brown, residing in Smethport borough, McKean county, Pa., to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment at once, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay to Gorton & Richmond, attorneys, Smethport, Pa.

JOHN C. BROWN,
Administrator c. t. a.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 16, 1903.

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the petition of George M. Morrison, present residence at Hazelhurst, Penna., for transfer of Bottler's license granted to Chas. H. Brown at June sessions, 1903, to bottle and sell malt and brewed liquors in quantities of not less than twelve pint bottles at frame building situate on Lot No. 10 on Randall St. in the Village of Hazelhurst, Township of Hamlin, County of McKean and State of Penn'a, will be heard by the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County at the Court House in Smethport on the 28th day of December, A. D. 1903, at one o'clock p. m.

THOMAS H. MORRISON,
Att'y for Petitioner.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company, for the election of five directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, 100 Main street, Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday, the 12th day of January, 1904, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

RALPH E. DENNISON, Secy.

Smethport, Pa., December 22, 1903.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.

BELL BROS.

Make it a point to visit Olean's largest Dept. Store between now and Christmas to see it in Holiday Trim. Five large floors filled with DESIRABLE AND SEASONABLE MERCHANDISE.

LADIES WINTER COATS

If you haven't bought that new coat yet do it at once and make yourself a Christmas present. At the present writing there are just 102 Ladies' winter coats in stock. Many of them are marked just as low as you can buy them in February. The rush of the season is over, that's the reason on the $8.00, $10.00 and $15.00 coats are great values.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of Southwestern New York.

The Holiday Stock is Now Ready.

Our store is now almost entirely devoted to the display of Holiday Goods. We have put in an unusually large line this year and invite your inspection.

We have everything to please the careful Christmas buyer.

TOYS, BOOKS and GAMES
for the little ones.

CUT GLASS, PICTURES, BOOKS, PURSES and BRIC-A-BRAC
for the older ones.

But we have not time to tell you about it here. Come into our store and look over this mammoth stock and come early for goods are going fast.

McCoy's Drug Store.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S

Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

The only place in town to find SANTA CLAUS.

Mrs. M. L. Bisett.

5 and 10 CENT STORE.

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK,

Have secured the services of THOMAS CLARK, an experienced plumber, and am better prepped to do all work of that nature.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

PUZZLED?

If you are like many Holiday shoppers you are at a loss as to what to buy.

Come to us and we will please you.

SLIPPERS AND WOOLEN GOODS

For Ladies', Gents and Children

will make a suitable gift. Call and see them.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

This Store Will Be Closed All Day Xmas.

CHRISTMAS
Will Soon Be Here.

The usual problem confronts you—same old trouble as last year. "It's hard to find things to give men." If you find it so, a visit here will help you to decide and afford you relief.

Our store is full of articles suitable for a man's Christmas. Run your eyes down the list. You will certainly find something he would be delighted to have.

Overcoat	Suit
Smoking Jacket	Neckwear
Gloves	Suspenders
Night Robes	Bath Robes
Shirts	Collars, Cuffs
Hosiery	Cap
Muffler	Umbrella
Rain Coat	White Vest
Shirt Protector	House Coat
Handkerchiefs	Sweater, &c., &c.

H. W. RUBIN.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

SMETHPORT, PA.

WE GIVE PURPLE STAMPS

D. C. Young's Department Store.

Headquarters for Purple Stamp Premiums, the finest premiums ever given in this town. So save your purple stamps as you are sure to get a valuable premium for every book you fill.

Call and look over my stock as I have just received a line of new goods and can save you money on Rubber goods for men, women and children.

BOOTS & SHOES,
NOTIONS,
DRY GOODS,
FANCY GOODS, &c.

And always a fresh line of groceries on hand, also hand-picked apples.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 1, 1903.

GOODS DELIVERED.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

A CHRISTMAS STORE.

full of the things that men and boys like to wear. We'd need a newspaper of our own to rightly tell all that this store contains. We won't begin, for where would we start? Just skim over a few items.

New neckwear—fantastic shapes, colorings and weaves.
Mufflers—rich and beautiful.
Umbrellas—handsomely decorated handles.
Dress Suit Cases—all leather, called Tip-Top because there's none so good—$5.00.
Fancy Suspenders—in boxes 50c to $2.50 a pair.
House Coats and Dressing Jackets.
Lastly: Expect us to have what you want.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Double Clothing Store

We are sole selling agents for the Glone-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg Co. sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street. BRADFORD, PA

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on ever $10.00 purchase.

RED STAMPS **F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.** RED STAMPS

DOUBLE STAMPS All Day and Every Day This Week except on Xmas when we will be closed.

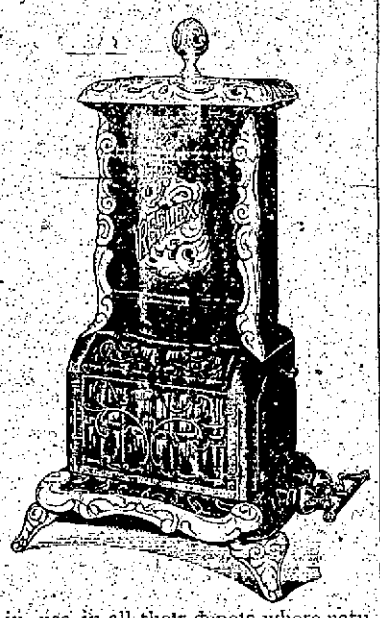
Holiday Gifts for All.

FOR LADIES	FOR MEN	FOR CHILDREN
Cloaks	Hats	Coats
Furs	Caps	Furs
Suits	Shoes	Shoes
Rain Coats	Smoking Jackets	Gloves
Shoes	Shirts	Mufflers
Slippers	Slippers	Gaiters
Neckwear	Ties	Dolls
Gloves	Mufflers	Tam O'Shanters
Dressing Sacques	Gloves	Toques
Umbrellas	Handkerchiefs	Games
Rugs	Umbrellas	Perfumes
Handkerchiefs	Gaiters	Stick Pins
Hand Made and Hand Painted China	Watch Fobs	Bracelets
Fancy Vases	Watch Chains	Rings
Mirrors	Cuff Buttons	Brooches
Perfumes	Stick Pins	
Brooches, Rings	Suspenders in Fancy Boxes	

Also innumerable useful things which we have no space to mention. Store open evenings this week.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

Now Heat Your Home Comfortable With a Reflex Gas Heater.



Even if gas costs 20 c a thousand it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX HEATER than 15c gas in other makes. This is a positive fact and Redfield, the Hardware Dealer, will prove it to you. It beats using coal at any price.

At this time of year all people are more or less worried on the fuel subject. The Jewett Reflex Heater will positively settle your worriment in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a Reflex because of its economy and heating power. The Pennsylvania railroad after a thorough examination of all makes, decided on the Reflex and have them in use in all their depots where natural gas is burned and the P. R. R. generally know what they are doing.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 24, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Merry Christmas.

—A Happy New Year.

—The business places of Smethport are all attired in their holiday garb and present a very attractive appearance.

—Lost—A lady's Mexican purse, containing a small amount of money. Finder please return to Wells' drug store.

—Some of the married ladies of Smethport will give a leap year dance at the Lyceum New Year's night. The Lyceum orchestra will furnish the music.

—"The slums of Chicago, or the Dark Side of Life" will be shown in stereopticon views at the Methodist church Christmas night. All are invited. A collection will be taken.

—"Taking Stock" is the subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. "Isaiah's Forecast of the Golden Age" is the morning subject. Special music appropriate to the season.

—Burglars broke into a jail at Parkersburg W. Va., recently and stole a quantity of clothing and other property belonging to the jailor. This is about the limit even for West Virginia.

—We are issuing one day early this week in order to give the force a chance to properly observe Christmas and also so that holiday shoppers may have the benefit of this week's advertising.

—A Christmas barrel is being packed for the Deaconess Home in Buffalo. Articles contributed to this purpose should be left at the Methodist church or parsonage Thursday or Friday.

—Philadelphia merchants burned 4,000 Christmas trees recently, fearing that the great supply would make prices ruinously low. About 3,000 trees were saved to meet a normal demand of 5,000.

—Miss A. E. McKee, a telegraph operator at Ridgway, Pa., lost the sight of her right eye in a peculiar manner a short time ago. Her hat started to fall from her head and in trying to catch it she drove a hatpin in the corner of her eye.

—The New Bradford theatre was opened on Monday night with "The Prince of Filsen." This opera gave excellent satisfaction and the opening of Bradford's new play house was a success in every way.

—Martin Foley, an Olean marble cutter, fell in an alley near the Foley shops in Olean Friday evening and broke his leg. He lay in the snow four hours before anyone heard his calls for help. Then an ambulance was sent and he was taken to the hospital.

—The worst of the typhoid fever epidemic at Butler is now over. Up to Tuesday night 72 deaths have occurred from that disease. At the present time there are only 24 people seriously ill with typhoid and not nearly as many new cases are reported as before.

—Mrs. S. W. Baumgardner and son, George, of Bradford were guests of Mrs. J. H. Green, the first of the week. Tuesday Mrs. Baumgardner departed for Gerryville, La., where she will pass the winter with her husband, who has business interests in that place. George will remain in Smethport until after Christmas.

—On Monday a man giving his name as William Gross hired a rig from Jesse McFarland's livery at East Bradford and as the rig has not returned it is thought it was stolen. The mare is brown, weighs 900 pounds, and has a "splint" on the fore leg. Gross is about 5 feet 4 inches tall, smooth face and dark complexion.

—After being out 18 hours the jury in the case of Eben Pierce returned a verdict of murder in the second degree. Pierce killed a man named Myron McNett in a small town in Potter county Aug. 6, 1903, and the case was tried in Coudersport last week. The defense put up a plea of insanity and did not attempt to deny the shooting.

—John E. Mullin of Kane and John P. Melvin of this city have formed a partnership for the practice of law. They will open an office at room No. 3, Berry & Melvin block, this city. Mr. Melvin is too well known to the people of Bradford to need any praise here. His partner is a stranger to most Bradford people, but is well known in Kane and Smethport. He is a very able lawyer and is rapidly forging to the front. Messrs. Mullin & Melvin will make a strong legal combination.—Bradford Star. The host of friends of both gentlemen in this place wish them success.

—Postmaster J. C. Gallup has added a new section of lock boxes to the post-office equipment. Since moving into his new quarters Mr. Gallup has made many improvements in the office.

—The engagement of Miss Grace Chapman of Columbus, Ohio, and Mr. Henry Nelson Rose of Port Allegany has been announced. Miss Chapman is a granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Benton of Port Allegany, and Mr. Rose is a prominent young attorney. Their many friends in this section extend congratulations.

—Attorney Eugene Mullin is recovering from a relapse. About two weeks ago Mr. Mullin had an attack of heart disease, which for a time made his condition precarious. He continually improved, until now he is regarded as out of danger. Mr. Mullin is being treated with salt baths, which are steadily improving his condition.—Bradford Star.

—At a five o'clock tea given Tuesday at the residence of Mrs. W. D. Gallup on Green street the engagement of her only daughter, Miss Rena May, to Mr. J. Scott Walker was announced. Miss Gallup is one of Smethport's most charming society young ladies and Mr. Walker is head bookkeeper for the Camp Glass company and a very capable and popular young man.

—Football with playing cards is a new game which is gaining popularity. The game originated among the students at Harvard college and is a mixture of the interesting features of football and draw poker, although it is hardly expected to take the place of those strenuous pastimes. The game is scored on a miniature football field, the value of the poker hands governing the ground lost or gained.

—A bright and happy Christmas to you. Lift up yourselves to the great meaning of the day, and dare to think of your humanity as something so sublimely precious that it is worthy of being made an offering to God, and then go out to the pleasures and duties of your life having been truly born anew into His divinity as He was born into our humanity on Christmas day.—Phillips Brooks.

Sir Launcelot Up-to-Date.

Sir Launcelot, mounted on a tall roan horse, dashed across the moor toward the castle where dwelt the fair Lady Guinivere. The gate was opened and Sir Launcelot was soon in the banqueting hall of the great structure. It was Yuletide.

"Thou art late," said Lady Guinivere.

"True," confessed Sir Launcelot, "but the fact is, our sun dial, owing to cloudy weather, ran down to-day and marry but I did not know what hour it was."

"At last, at last!" cried Lady Guinivere.

"What meanest thou, oh fair one?" inquired Sir Launcelot.

"Thou hast said 'marry,'" she answered, "and it is all so sudden—and see—we are under the mistletoe—yes, I will be thine!"

"Odds bodkins," he muttered; "Thou art the limit. But since I am clad in armor and am muzzled with this riveted visor how am I to do any mistletoe stunts?"

"What ho! vassals!" cried Lady Guinivere; "bring forth my trusty blacksmith, that he may remove Sir Launcelot's metallic togs."

But she spoke in vain. Sir Launcelot was fleet of foot, and, being a dashing young knight he dashed out of the castle, mounted his roan charger and scooted up the pike. "Odds fish," he said, "I may be a snoke and a desirable catch, but I am not caught as yet."—Era's Random Notes.

Sleighs and Cutters For Sale.

I have a full line of sleighs and cutters for sale and invite you to call and inspect them. I have everything from the finest made to the plain second-hand ones. Prices right and style and workmanship guaranteed. E. T. DALY, Smethport, Pa.

Livery and Feed Stable.

Save Your Money

by buying your toys of us. We have a large line and are closing them out. See us, it will pay you.

Holmes & Gilfillan.
The Great Supply House.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization is now ready to give bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, manager, Smethport, Pa.

Among Other Benefits

of our Horse Blankets we are offering for this week a 10 per cent reduction. The greatest line to select from.

Holmes & Gilfillan,
The Great Supply House.

Leave your orders for oysters and clams with N. M. Harrington. He carries the best stock in town and they are always fresh.

Lemmler's is headquarters for robes and blankets as usual. The quality and prices will suit you.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Correspondence

Bookkeeping or Shorthand, full course by mail, $12.50. The best there is, and all it is worth anywhere. If more is paid it goes to agents and for their expenses. We have no "drummers." School stands on its merits. Call or write, WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

T. H. Morrison is visiting in Bradford this week.

Miss Agnes McCoy was a Bradford visitor last Saturday.

Mrs. Margaret Reilly will pass Christmas with her parents in Clermont.

Bernard F. Gurlick visited Port Allegany friends Thursday and Friday.

Miss Martha Hasbrouck is spending the holidays at her home in Syracuse.

Miss Beatrice Elliott is spending the holidays with her parents in Mansfield.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Henderson leave to-morrow for a visit with Warren relatives.

Miss Octavia Raymer will pass a portion of the holidays visiting Buffalo friends.

Clarence Chinnie left Tuesday for Point Marion where he will spend the holidays.

Charles McCoy, who is attending Cornell University is home for the holiday vacation.

Mrs. Emma Gillis of Ridgway is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Specht.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago are visiting relatives and friends in town.

Miss Bessie Seaman of Sistersville, W. Va., is visiting relatives in Smethport and vicinity.

Mrs. Gordon Studholme of Port Allegany is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder.

Miss Lucile Hinman of Austin is spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

A. W. Mitchell of Parkersburg, W. Va., is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mitchell.

D. H. Quintisk and son, Emmett, of Lindsey, Pa., were in town Monday to attend the funeral of their father-in-law and grandfather.

Misses Marie Jackson and Tillie Illingsfeld, teachers in the Port Allegany schools, are spending the holiday vacation with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Palmer returned Monday from a visit to Rochester and Buffalo. While in Rochester Mr. Palmer had an artificial limb fitted.

Col. M. M. Gillette, who has been in Washington for some time under treatment for appendicitis, is visiting his wife and other relatives in town.

Dr. H. L. McCoy has returned from a visit to Washington D. C. He says Miss Charlotte Bard is improving and that her speedy recovery is expected.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Barker of Bradford are visiting friends and relatives in Smethport and vicinity. Mr. Barker has just returned from an extended business trip to South America.

The Parker Lucky Curve fountain pen makes a most appropriate gift for Christmas. McCoy's Drug Store has a large stock ranging from $1.50 to $8.00.

The Fair,

22 MAIN ST.

Clearance Prices ON

ALL HOLIDAY GOODS

We do not handle holiday goods outside of the holiday season and rather than pack them away we prefer to offer them at a discount on

ONE-HALF

Final Reductions OF

Coats AND Furs.

Our Christmas Sale of Coats and Furs has been the most succesffal of recent seasons.

We have broken away from the old custom of merchants to forego making reductions until January 10th, by making them now.

The result has been a great sale of fine garments but our stock, being so large as it was, a plentiful assortment remains from which the most critical buyer can be suited.

If you want a coat or fur piece now is the time to make your selections at

The Fair,

22 Main Street,

R. Rosenberg, - Bradford, Pa.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

HOLIDAY GOODS

OPENING THIS WEEK.

SPECIAL PICTURE DISPLAY

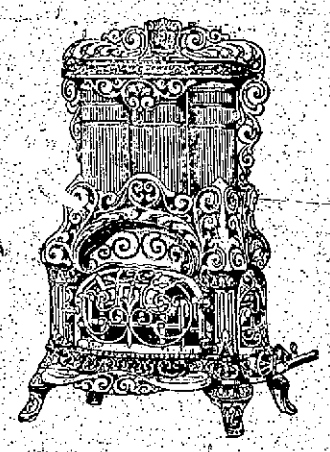
The early Christmas shopper is the satisfied one. Perhaps last year you were one of the late ones and suffered the annoyances of crowded aisles and delay in getting served. These things are bound to exist during the last week or two as we cannot get salespeople enough to wait upon everyone promptly in the last few days.

Make your selection now and enjoy the advantages of the best of service and complet assortments of

Toys	Furs	Handkerchiefs
Cames	Work Bexes	Neckwear
Sleds	Storling Silver	Cloves
Juvenile Books	Calendars	Umbrellas
Childrens Chairs	Toilet Sets	Men's furnishings

FRY & HERZOG.

MAY YOUR CHRISTMAS be a very merry one, which it certainly shall be.



If You would send a Christmas Present to Yourself.

The Garnet Jewel Heater

The most sensible and useful gift you could make to yourself for others. Why not send us your order NOW and have it set up for this and many other Merry Christmases.

Trading Stamps Given.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

Gifts for Christmas.

DIAMONDS.

We can undersell all competitors for fine goods and give a guarantee for good value that you don't get elsewhere. As low as $7.50. As high as you like.

SOLID SILVER	UMBRELLAS	BRIC-A-BRAC
CUT GLASS	NOVELTIES	SILVER DEPOSIT
FINE CHINA	DESK SETS	OPERA GLASSES
ELECTRIC TRAYS	SMOKING SETS	DINNER CALLS
LEATHER GOODS	TOILET SETS	SILVERWARE
HALL CLOCKS	CHAFING DISHES	BRASS ETCHINGS

Don't Miss Seeing This Large Stock.

WATCHES.

If you want a good timepiece we have them in Elgin, Waltham, Hampden and Swiss. Take your choice. They are guaranteed the same.

Strictly One Price. Goods delivered out of town. **Prill,** 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,

Bradford, Pa.

SANTA CLAUS is here in full blast.

Wells Pharmacy.

Central Block **THE FAMOUS** Smethport Penna.
CLOTHING STORE.

It Is False

economy to buy a shoddy Cotton Overcoat or Suit at $7.00 or $8.00 (said to be wool but isn't) when you can get here a GUARANTEED

ALL WOOL SUIT or OVERCOAT at **$9.50**

They are stylishly tailored and well fitting garments and $12.00 for either would be a great bargain. This offer is worth your investigation before buying elsewhere.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH, OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

Wm. Monhemer.

DICK'S PROMOTER

By BELLE MANIATES

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Cynthia sat before the flickering fire-light in the library after Dick had gone, gazing ruefully at the ringless third finger of her left hand, which might have been diamond bedecked if she only could have—but, no, she couldn't. She liked Dick. He was generous, good looking and danced so well. If he were only not so timid. She had known, of course, that ultimately his attentions would culminate in a proposal, but she didn't think it would come so prematurely.

It was so like Dick to call at such an absurdly early hour and blurt it right out without any preface and then to leave immediately without replying to her kind little offer of friendship. Dick had no finesse. Still, she wasn't sure that she liked a man with too much—like her Uncle Henry, for instance.

As if in obedience to her thoughts there entered the room at this moment her uncle, Henry Ormsby, a bachelor clubman of some thirty and odd years.

"What, Cynthia! And no Dick?"

"Dick has come and gone."

"Dick usually comes and stays."

"I know it," she sighed; "but, you see, he came once too often."

"And that is why he did not stay?"

"Yes, and it's just as well. Dicks are sometimes tiresome."

"Not this Dick. He's quite a favorite with your sex."

"Dick is?" she asked, with elevated brows. "Oh, the girls like him because he is agreeable, but none of them is very enthusiastic over him."

"That," replied her uncle, "is because they are used to him and have grown up in the same town with him. Then you know this is such an old-fashioned place—all paired off in steadies. Dick has been yours for so long that none of your girl friends would think of showing or receiving attention from him; but let Dick be a new man in a new place and he would be the lion of the town."

"He's such a stay at home; he'll never go anywhere," said Cynthia petulantly.

"I think he'll have to go soon, because the junior partner of the firm

HER HEART FLUTTERED AT THE SIGHT OF A NOTE IN DICK'S CHIROGRAPHY.

Dick is connected with is quite a friend of mine, and he told me only this evening that Dick was a very promising young business fellow and he seriously contemplated sending him out on an important deal for the firm."

Thereupon Uncle Henry took his departure, leaving his young niece to her meditations.

The next morning her heart fluttered for the first time at the sight of a note in Dick's chirography. She read:

Dear Cynthia—I find I have to leave very unexpectedly for Denver on a business trip. Please accept my apologies for my hasty speech and departure last night. I fear I am not a good loser. Believe me always, as you wished, your friend,

DICK.

Again were Cynthia's feelings mingled and conflicting. He had followed her wishes and become her friend, but the note was most unsatisfactory. He had given her no Denver address nor any idea of the length of his absence. However, possibly she might be able to draw that information from her uncle without his suspecting.

She telephoned him the following day and asked him to call that evening.

He complied with her request as to the call, but seemed in an uncommunicative mood.

"By the way," she finally said, "I had a note from Dick. He was just off for Denver."

"Yes; we will all miss him at the club."

"I suppose he will not be away long. I think he mentioned the date of his return, but I don't recall it."

"Why, did he?" exclaimed her uncle in surprise. "Courtney told me his length of absence was very uncertain. I gave Dick a letter to the Darnleys, friends of mine. Ellen Darnley is quite a society leader. I wrote her personally."

Uncle Henry proceeded to expatiate on Ellen Darnley's charms until Cynthia decided mentally that all men were bores. As he was leaving he volunteered the information that Ellen Darnley was to be married in a couple of weeks. Then, seeing the little leap of relief in Cynthia's countenance, he offset it by the remark that there would be "heaps of doings" and Dick would be strictly in it.

In two or three days Cynthia received a Denver paper addressed to her in Dick's handwriting. Under society notes she read of a dinner dance. Dick's name was among the list of guests. He had transgressed the United States postal rules by writing his address on the margin of the paper.

In a day or two her uncle dropped in.

"I had a letter from Dick today," he announced. "He was very modest and only said how kind my friends were in introducing and entertaining him. But I received a letter from Ellen Darnley lauding him to the skies and saying that had she been heart whole and fancy free she didn't know what might have happened."

He left Cynthia a prey to jealousy, remorse and regret. She wrote Dick that night telling him how glad she was to hear he was having so gay a time and how he must dread the thought of a return home.

His reply was friendly and gave details of the good times he was having. "Tomorrow night," he concluded, "is Miss Darnley's wedding, at which I officiate as one of the ushers. The bridesmaid whom I am to pull in line with after the ceremony has eyes like that picture of Evangeline you are so fond of. I wish you could see her."

Cynthia threw the letter in the fire.

The next time Henry Ormsby called he brought a paper from his pocket.

"I want to read you about Ellen's wedding," he said. "Dick is given special mention as a cultured young man from the east."

"I am sick of the sound of Ellen Darnley's name and Dick's, too!" cried Cynthia, forgetting Uncle Henry's shrewdness.

"I know," he said sympathetically, "it is a bore to hear of people you have never met." And he discreetly turned the conversation into other channels.

Two days later Dick was shown into the library where Cynthia was sitting before the fire as he had seen her last. Her cheeks flushed at his sudden appearance.

"Why," she exclaimed, "did you expect to return so soon?"

"No," he replied. "They telegraphed me last night."

He forebore to say to whom "they" referred, but Cynthia naturally inferred that it was the firm. Later that evening Dick met Uncle Henry at the club.

"Say, Ormsby," he said joyously, "it's all right."

"Why, my dear boy, when you are as old as I you will know that nothing succeeds like success. I told you I'd fix it."

"You got Courtney to send me to Denver."

"And the letters and Ellen Darnley's wedding did the rest. I saw the fruit was ripe, and I telegraphed you to come and pluck it."

An Effective Prescription.

Uncle Rastus had never enjoyed a medical education or spent much time in the study of diseases or remedies. Nevertheless he was often consulted by the neighborhood in times of stress.

"I cert'nly don' know what I'm gwine to do 'bout dese staggering headaches my wife has," said Mr. Orlando Clay Jefferson gloomily to Uncle Rastus in the seclusion of the tiny room known as "the doctoring parlor." "They keep increasing an' magnifying as time goes along. Seems as if I couldn't git her a good prescription 'bout de food or de house or any ob her neglects without her getting one ob dose staggering aches in her head. None ob my last two wives had such works."

Uncle Rastus bent a keen glance from under his bushy eyebrows at the grave old face before him, but he offered no suggestion.

"Hain't you got some kind ob pills dat'll stop dese staggering headaches dat keep her from de cook stove?" demanded Mr. Jefferson impatiently.

"No, sah," said Uncle Rastus impressively; "dere's no such pills in de market. But de bes' way to stop her staggering headaches would be to fasten down your mouf wid a big, wide piece ob sticking plaster, Mist' Jefferson. I'm puppared to put it on, sah."

Famous Blind Man.

The name of John Metcalfe of Knaresborough, England, engineer and roadmaker, is in these feverish times in danger of lapsing into undeserved oblivion. John Metcalfe was blind from the age of six years until he died. Yet as a boy and man he invariably displayed a high spirited courage. He was a true sportsman, a fine swimmer and a hard rider to hounds. It was his solitary walk from London to Harrogate by a way unknown to him that first turned his attention to roadmaking. The roads in those days were very bad. He obtained authority from parliament to improve this state of things when he was fifty years old. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire and Derbyshire most of the principal roads were made by him. He built bridges and leveled rough places. Some of the plans were made for him by others, but usually he designed them himself, and he did his own surveying. He climbed mountains, trudged along on the edges of precipices, he crossed swamps and morasses, waded through bogs and forded rivers, relying wholly and solely on the long staff that was forever in his hand. He died in harness, full of years and laden with many honors, at the great age of ninety-three.—London Exchange.

Drink and a Man.

This little verse, founded on a Japanese proverb, has been culled from the works of an Englishwoman of busy pen:

At the punch bowl's brink
Let us pause and think
What they say in Japan:
First the man takes a drink;
Then the drink takes a drink;
Then the drink takes the man!

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING,"
$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Tetter or Salt Rheum, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Bitter Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.
DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO. Bradford, Pa.
For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

PLUM PUDDING.

Plain Directions For Making This Christmas Luxury.

Place in a vessel one pound of beef kidney suet, very dry, free from fibers and chopped very fine; one pound of seeded Malaga raisins; one pound of currants, cleaned and washed in plenty of water; one pound of bread crumbs, sifted through a sieve; a quarter of a pound of lemon peel, chopped very fine; one pound of powdered sugar, four tablespoonfuls of flour, a quarter of an ounce of nutmeg and allspice, a pint of brandy and six eggs.

Mix the whole well together. Dip a strong cloth in cold water and wring it out to extract all the moisture. Spread it open on a table and butter it liberally with butter softened to the consistency of cream. Dredge over with sifted flour and shake the cloth to remove any excess of the flour that failed to adhere to the butter. Lay in the center of the cloth the prepared mixture. Form it in the shape of a ball and raise up the edges of the cloth, bringing the four ends together all around, so as to inclose the preparation well, then tighten and tie firmly.

Have on the fire a high saucepan three-quarters full of water. When this boils plunge in the plum pudding and let it cook for three hours. Then remove it and have it stand for five minutes before cutting the string. Undo the cloth carefully and invert the pudding on a hot dish. Sprinkle it with sugar. Pour over some brandy or rum and set it on fire. Serve immediately with hard sauce.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Sauce For Plum Pudding.

Four tablespoonfuls of butter, whites of two eggs, one cup powdered sugar, one gill of brandy and one gill of boiling water. Cream the butter, add gradually the sugar, and beat until white and light. Add the whites, one at a time, beating all the while. When ready to serve add the brandy and water. Stand in a basin of boiling water over the fire, stir until creamy, and it is ready for use.

A sauce without brandy is made as follows: One tablespoonful of cornstarch, one tablespoonful of butter, one pint of boiling water, one egg, one-half cup of sugar. Put cornstarch, egg and sugar in a bowl and mix them well. Pour over them the boiling water and stir over the fire until thick. Add any flavoring.

Cranberry and Apple Sauce.

Take one quart of cranberries, two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of water. Pick over the berries carefully and wash in cold water. Put them into a porcelain lined saucepan with enough water to cover, and cook until tender. Then add the sugar and remove from the stove just as soon as the sugar has been dissolved. Serve hot or cold. Select the berries carefully; boil them slowly without stirring. If treated in this way they will retain their shape and the sauce will be clear and transparent.

Apple sauce is for roast goose. Peel and core six tart apples. Put them into a saucepan and just cover with water. Boil until tender, then press through a colander. Add a teaspoonful of butter, a dash of nutmeg or cinnamon and sweeten to taste.

Presents For Men.

In silverware there are toilet articles such as talcum jars, cold cream jars, silver mounted brushes, combs, clothes brushes, whisk brooms, flasks and shaving brushes.

Bath robes come in the most attractive guise, and the man who has none will surely bless the sister or mother who gives him one.

Gorgeous heavy silk mufflers, embroidered suspenders, neckties of white silk, linen or silk handkerchiefs and chest protectors are some of the things men must expect, as they generally put off buying them until after Christmas.

Other decorations for a man's den are the hideous but picturesque Japanese masks, swords and bayonets. Panel decorations in oriental design will surely please if they are well selected. A wastebasket would not be amiss, and one of the new corkscrews, with a horn top, silver trimmed, would be highly acceptable.

Kind Old Man.

Ascum—What did that rich old uncle of yours give you for Christmas? Something useful, I'll bet.

Hauskeep—Yes; a little device for saving coal bills.

Ascum—Ah! An arrangement to attach to the heater.

Hauskeep—No; to keep on my desk. It's a bill file.—Philadelphia Press.

The Only One In Captivity.

Museum Patron—Well, what new freak have you for the holidays?

Manager—The rarest thing on earth—the man who doesn't buy more Christmas presents than he can afford.

Then He Took Another.

Comfort Brown—Don't you think it nonsensical—all this kissing under the mistletoe?

Thomas Tubbs—Sure thing! But a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men—and women!

A Synonym.

Spacer—Give me a synonym for the word Christmas.

Popper (moodily)—Broke!

At Gay Yuletide.

All hail the genial time of year
When every heart is kind,
When far and near there is good cheer
And care is left behind.

Old feuds forget, old hates aside,
Now hearty clasps of hand,
While far and wide at Christmastide
Love reigns throughout the land.

Forgive, forget, a truce to pride;
Healed are all friendship's rifts.
At gay Yuletide on every side
We're "worked" for Christmas gifts.
—New York Journal.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1,25 IN ADVANCE.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2,00 IN ADVANCE.

ETIQUETTE OF WIGS.

Bald Men, With Care, May Complete the Illusion They Seek.

The baldheaded man who is not resigned to his fate and who is posted on the etiquette of wig wearing adorns himself with a faithful copy of nature which simulates his poverty instead of her wealth, says the Chicago Tribune. For an artistic wig for a man is usually made thin or nearly bald on the crown, so as to allay suspicion. When the wig is adjusted to the man's head the pink scalp shows through the white net of foundation at the crown, thus leaving a modest suggestion of baldness. This is the first principle of the etiquette of wig wearing—claim too little rather than too much of nature's covering.

This principle is carried to a refinement of perfection by the man who can afford the luxury of buying several wigs, for he may then make the transition from baldness to a semblance of his former self cover a space of two or three years and thus complete the deception, which is the aim of all wearers of wigs.

A cardinal point in the etiquette of wig wearing is that one should not wear his wig in bed. It is not proper. Some, either from motives of extreme vanity or from an unwillingness to shock the delicate sensibilities of their families, sleep in their wigs. This practice is condemned unhesitatingly. It is unclean. One should substitute for the wig worn during the day a simple nightcap of muslin, to insure one against taking cold.

In the morning, as the last touch of perfection to the toilet, the wig should be delicately adjusted and then glued to one's head. If this adjustment is carefully made and if one is wearing a really fine wig he may defy both wind and sunlight to betray that "things are not what they seem."

This careful adjustment of the wig is a most important point. It requires eternal vigilance, since a single careless adjustment means ruin. Along the edge of the wig of ordinary size are five spots about half the size of a penny where the paste or glue is applied with which the wig is made fast to the head. The paste must be carefully applied, since if it comes in contact with the hair it destroys its lifelike appearance.

A practice generally observed by the wearers of fine wigs is that of dressing the hair in a variety of ways. This is desirable, since it suggests a natural head of hair, yet this practice is perfectly possible with a really fine wig, every hair of which is separately attached to the net foundation.

Dog Cemetery of Paris.

Paris has a dog cemetery on an island in the Seine. A plain grave without a headstone may be had for $1, and the body is removed on a little wagon for a similar sum. The graves are leased, not sold. The charge for five years' lease is $5, for ten $10, for twenty $15 and for thirty $20. Very stringent rules forbid the use of ceremonies or decorations such as are used at funerals. No cross may be erected over an animal or bird, for all pets may be interred here. The inscriptions are of curious and exaggerated sentimentality. Tola Dorian, the author, says on her pets' tombstone that if she "cannot accompany the dear and noble animals she does not wish for heaven." And on "Follette's" grave a mourner has placed these words: "My dear Follette, thou who wert always faithful and intelligent, we regret thee much; repose in peace." Near the entrance to the cemetery stands a row of battered stones from graves the leases of which have expired.

A Practical Mind.

The teacher was endeavoring to give the class some idea of the greatness of this country in a commercial sense. "Take the egg product alone," she said. "It is estimated that if all the eggs produced in the United States last year were loaded into one railway train, when the engine was pulling into Newark, N. J., the caboose would just be leaving Davenport, Ia.

"This seems hard to realize," she continued, "but the statistics are compiled by a well known authority."

A little boy raised his hand.

"What is it, Dohald?" asked the teacher.

"I don't believe it's true, Miss Adair," he said. "One engine couldn't pull that train."

A Scandal Spoiled.

"Of course he and his wife seem devoted to each other now," said the jealous Miss Ganssip, "but do you think she will always be so true and all that?"

"Well," replied Miss Kidder, "I have reason to know that only last night he had occasion to set a trap for her."

"Ah! Do you know, I suspected something"—

"They more than suspected. They knew there were mice in the house."—Philadelphia Press.

Strange, Though Not Matchless.

"Cheroot is really the most marvelous smoker I ever knew."

"Hundred cigars a day or something like that?"

"Oh, no. He's temperate enough. The remarkable thing is that he always has matches himself."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Disagreeable Habit.

Old Grumps—Sure that girl loves you instead of your money?

Son—Absolutely. Why, she actually keeps count of the kisses I give her.

Old Grumps—Hum! That's bad. She may keep it up after marriage.—New York Weekly.

Some young fellows want everything for nothing, and when they are older they get nothing for everything.—Schoolmaster.

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Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. B. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brodee.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall; M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hamberg, president; Miss Tavia Raymor, secretary; C. L. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Oswander, jr., H. Rodfield, J. H. Roomy, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramor
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gibson.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rabin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. Hakes.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. B. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening, at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MRS. M. E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Buckus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CEARS, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.
Mrs. M. [illegible], Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
ARAMETTA MYERS, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Oxford H. Patterson Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. F. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 20, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:09 a. m.
Train 120, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Cattsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:03 p. m.; New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 p. m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:25 p. m., Washington 8:25 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:00 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:20 a. m., New York 7:20 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:55 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (1 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 8 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:15 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9 05	Ridgway	12 05
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 42
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 16	Straight	11 19
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 30	Smith's Run	11 06
10 34	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	10 56
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card, in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:16 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 8:00 a. m., 5:10 p. m. and 3:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 19. Passenger Train Schedule

Effective Sept. 24, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
		1:30	Lv Mt. Jewett Ar	8:30	12:10	
5:07	1:20	9:28	Pt. Pleasant	7:30	11:18	5:00
5:10	1:30	8:31	Hazelhurst	7:30	11:15	4:24
5:18	1:55	8:37	Marvindale	7:20	11:08	4:14
5:21	2:00	8:40	Kasson	7:15	11:01	4:10
5:26	2:07	8:47	Comet	7:10	11:07	4:01
5:34	2:25	8:55	Smethport	7:00	11:00	3:53
			Lv.			
5:44	2:30	9:14	Smethport	7:20	11:19	3:37
6:00	2:47	9:26	Afton	7:09	11:08	3:24
6:07	2:54	9:27	Farnsets Valley	7:08	11:07	3:22
6:14	2:45	9:34	Corydale	7:01	11:01	3:15
6:20	2:50	9:40	Larabee	6:56	10:56	3:10

N. E.—All trains daily except Sunday.

H. C. MARONEY, General Supt.
C. L. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R.

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. A.M.	Eastward. A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	Dp A.M.	Lv Westward. P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Prinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudersport	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar. 8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp. 8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.06	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.32
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.30	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.53
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Works	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.03	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp.	Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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TON D. C.

HIS WINTON SLOWNESS

By HARRIET C. CANFIELD

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The first Winton that "came over" had incurred the lasting displeasure of the first Albright. I believe he had been slow in paying a debt—at least there was a general impression that "the Winton slowness" was responsible for the fend. Beyond a doubt the present Wintons—father and son—were slow of speech and movement. Mrs. Winton and Sue did not share in "the family failing."

When Amos Albright's wife had died he had persuaded a younger brother to "move in and run the farm"—they were two miles out of town—and Grace, who was then fifteen, was sent east to a young ladies' seminary. During her four years' absence from Highmead her once vivid recollections of the enmity between the Albrights and Wintons grew dim and shadowy. When, on the day following graduation, she was invited to spend a week at a classmate's home it was with no feeling of apprehension that she heard her friend say, "Brother George has asked Jack Winton to come down with him from Harvard, and we shall be quite gay." The Wintons that she knew had a son, but his name was John. This young man proved to be well built, self possessed and clear of skin, and John Winton had been a long, lank, freckled boy, very bashful, she remembered. To be sure there was a certain drawl in her new acquaintance's speech, which reminded her of "that boy," but perhaps all Wintons were slow spoken.

The four young people thoroughly enjoyed the week they spent together, and it was with delight that Jack Winton discovered on the eve of his departure that Miss Albright's destination was the same as his own. "I'm glad that we travel together," he said. "Yes," Grace assented hesitatingly. Jack's face flushed, and he turned to his host with the explanation, "Miss Albright has just recognized an old enemy in your humble servant."

"Oh, no!" Grace protested. "If our fathers are foes we need not be." And she held out her hand to him with a friendly little gesture.

During the three days' journey westward their friendship progressed rapidly. They were in the midst of one of many animated conversations when Mr. Amos Albright boarded the train at X——, a station some thirty miles from Highmead. Grace saw him coming down the aisle.

"There is father," she said hurriedly. "He'll not recognize you. I'm sure; I believe I'll introduce you as Mr. Jack."

When Mr. Albright bent to kiss his daughter's upturned face he looked keenly at the young man beside her. "Mr. Jack, father," Grace murmured and blushed guiltily when the two men shook hands gravely, and Jack offered the newcomer his seat.

"I'll move opposite," he said in his pleasant drawl, "if you don't object." Before they reached Highmead he found himself drawn into the conversation. To his daughter's delight Mr. Albright seemed to enjoy talking with her friend. "Sensible young man!" he said to Grace when Jack went into the smoking car just before the train pulled into Highmead. On the homeward drive he spoke of him again. "I've seldom met a young man," he said, "as intelligent as Mr. Jack. Queer name, isn't it? If my eyes were shut while he was talking I'd declare he was Winton."

"He is, father," Grace confessed. "He is Mr. Jack Winton."

Amos Albright looked at his daughter for a moment in dumb amazement. "I'm sorry," he said at last, "but that settles him."

Jack Winton refused to be thus summarily "settled." The next day he came to call and was received so coldly by his unwilling host that he knew at once that his identity had been revealed.

"Mr. Albright," he said in his deliberate way, "I'm Winton, as you've evidently discovered, but the Wintons are not such a bad lot, after all. Aren't you a bit prejudiced?"

"Not a whit more than your father's," Mr. Albright said stiffly.

"Yes, I know. Mother and Sue hadn't a word to say when I spoke of calling here, but the pater raised a storm—almost forbade me to come. Really, now, what have you against me—the Winton slowness?"

"Yes, I hate a laggard in anything. That's enough to condemn you, sir! My daughter can receive you, if she wishes, whenever you may call, but I must ask you to excuse me now—and always." A chilling request, but Jack went away happy in the thought that Grace still considered him as a friend and had asked him to come again.

In spite of the enmity between the heads of the two houses Mrs. Winton and her daughter were exchanging calls with Grace Albright before the summer waned. Amos Albright still disapproved of Jack, though he could discover nothing objectionable in his conduct. "The young man seemed to be an able assistant to his father, who was at the head of a well established business. 'Blood will tell,' he said to himself, 'and the old Winton slowness will crop out some day.' When Jack came one evening in October with the unexpected request for his daughter's hand, he said impressively: "If Grace loves you, and she imagines she does, I will consider your proposal carefully. You may call tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock, and I will let you know my decision."

"Six o'clock!" Jack exclaimed. A look of triumph crossed Mr. Albright's face. "Yes," he said, "but perhaps that is too early for a Winton."

"Not at all," Jack calmly assured him. It was evident that Mr. Albright meant to test him. The idea amused him greatly, and he laughingly related the result of his call to his mother and Sue.

"It's a test, mother," he said, "and a good one too. Nothing short of an earthquake will get me up at 5. I must wake them if I'm to keep my appointment at 6."

"Nonsense!" Sue cried. "There's the old alarm clock. You can set the alarm for 5 and put it at the head of your bed, Jack."

"Just the thing," he said gratefully, "and I'll do it now."

Late in the evening his mother stole into his chamber and set the hands of the little clock forward an hour. "Jack will never notice," she said to herself, "and he dresses so slowly."

After he was asleep Sue tiptoed in. There was no light in the room, but she found the clock and set it an hour ahead of time, as she thought. Neither mother nor daughter knew that the sleeper was doomed to wake at a o'clock, but probably at that hour the alarm sounded. Perhaps Jack can tell the remainder of his love story better than any one else can, and I will give you his account of it:

"I was awake in a moment, and if ever a Winton hustled I did then. I let the old horse have full swing, and we trotted out to the farm in great shape. All the shades were down, and the place was silent as the grave. I rang the bell, and Mr. Albright put his head out of the window. His language wasn't very polite. It was hard work to keep from laughing when he shouted, 'What in thunder do you want?' 'Your daughter,' I shouted back. 'Man alive,' he cried, 'I said 6, and it's only half past 3!' Maybe that didn't surprise me!

"'Perhaps it's too early for an Albright,' I suggested. 'Shall I call later?'

"'No,' he growled, 'I can answer you now. If this is a sample of Winton slowness the stock is improving, and—'

"'And I may have Grace?' I interrupted him.

"'Plague take you!' he cried. 'I suppose so!' Then he closed the window with a bang, and I camped on the porch until Grace came down."

A Caustic Judge.

On one occasion a barrister who was a terribly verbose practitioner discovered that one of the jury trying the case was fast asleep. He forthwith roundly rated those who were still awake for taking so little interest in the case. Interposed the commissioner: "Ye just remind me of a meenester in Ayrshire, who was lecturing his congregation for not coming to kirk and remarked, 'Those of ye who do come are asleep, but the village idiot,' when a voice said, 'If I'd nae been an idiot I had been asleep too.'"

While generally jocular at the expense of others, the commissioner could appreciate and enjoy a good repartee even at his own expense. Thus on one occasion an advocate with a beard and mustache, which he then hated, appeared before him. "How can I hear you, sir, if you cover up your muzzle like a terrier dog?" he asked. "Well, I had rather be an English terrier than a Scotch cur," was the reply. The commissioner chuckled and merely remarked, "Get on."

The commissioner's pet theory against giving credit once furnished occasion for a most amusing incident. One day a plaintiff was seeking to recover £13 odd for milk supplied. The commissioner said to a milkman, "I thought every one paid for his pennyworth of milk each day as it was delivered." The plaintiff replied: "Oh no, they don't, your honor. I serve your honor's house with milk, and they have not paid me for two months." The commissioner said: "Ah, well, you'll not supply me any more. You will be watering my milk to make up for this £13 you are going to lose."—From G. Pitt-Lewis' "Commissioner Kerr—An Individuality."

Deeply Injured.

Her eyes were wild, her hair was in disorder, her face was flushed, her hands were clinched. She was a deeply injured and desperate woman.

"Oh, cruel one," she cried in anguished tones, "I have borne with you too long! You have injured the very foundations of my being. Day by day you have tortured me, and yet I could not bear to give you up. When first we met how your ease and polish attracted me! When you became my own how my friends envied me! But your understanding is too small for my large soul. You are opposed to my advancing myself. You have ruined my standing in society. If we had never met I might have walked in peace. So now begone! We part forever."

There was a moment's convulsive breathing, then a gritting of teeth and a sharp sigh. It was all over. By a supreme effort she had pulled off her new shoe.

No Influence.

During a municipal election in a town in the west of Scotland a young lady who was canvassing on behalf of one of the candidates called at a house, the door of which was opened by the good wife.

"I have called to solicit your vote on behalf of Mr.——," said the young lady.

"But it's not me that's got the vote. It's ma man," replied the woman.

"Yes," said the young lady, "but I thought you might perhaps use your influence with him."

"Me influoence him?" said the good wife. "I hiv nae influoence wi' him. Only this morning I askit him to wash the floor afore he went out, and he wudna dae it."

ANIMALS NEVER IDLE.

They Manage to Keep Very Busy Without Doing Very Much.

How is it that birds and beasts manage to pass through life without succumbing to ennui, or, at least, without being bored nearly to death? Animals, as a rule, do not fear. It is not thus that they solve the problem. Loathing is an art which but few living creatures understand. Lizards, crocodiles and chaparrals are the greatest authorities on the subject. Animals have acquired the knack of making much ado about nothing; they have learned to be very busy without doing anything. This accomplishment obviously differs from that of loafing. It is one which animals have brought to perfection and of which many human beings, chiefly women, are very able exponents. There is overhead a wasp busily exploring the holes in the trunk of a tree. Why he does this he probably does not know; he has no time to stop and think. He is quite content to explore away as though his life depended upon it. Five times within the last six minutes he has minutely inspected every portion of the same hole. All his labor is useless, in a sense, without it, however. The wasp would in all probability die of ennui. The wasp is not an isolated case. Most animals are experts at frittering away time; they spend much of their lives in actively doing nothing. Watch a canary in a cage. He hops backward and forward between two perches as though he was paid by the distance for doing so. Look at a butterfly. It leads an aimless existence. Nevertheless it is always busy. A bee probably visits twenty times as many flowers in the day as a butterfly, for all that the butterfly is always on the move.

When speaking of the swift, I notice how long it took to find the materials for its nest, how it went afar off to seek that which was at its feet. This, although the result of stupidity, is doubtless a blessing to the bird. Nest building affords great pleasure to the bird—the more protracted the amusement the better for the architect. The squirrel labors from early morn till late eve laying up a store of nuts. When one storehouse is full, the industrious animal opens another and then proceeds to forget the existence of the first. Lastly, animals spend no inconsiderable portion of the day in play. Nearly all the higher animals indulge in play; some go so far as to play regular games.—Times of India.

WISDOM OF NOVELISTS.

It is mostly the women who are the gamesters, the men only the cards.—Thomas Hardy.

Cynicism is merely the art of seeing things as they are instead of as they ought to be.—Robert Hichens.

There is no man so much at the mercy of his own vanity as he who enjoys a limited notoriety.—Seton Merriman.

A wise man reduces his affairs to a minimum and his interests in the affairs of his neighbors to less.—Seton Merriman.

It is his sweetheart a man should be particular about. Once he settles down, it does not much matter whom he marries.—J. M. Barrie.

Good nuance is knowing how to utilize the fullness of other people's pockets without revealing the emptiness of one's own.—Richard Bagot.

A person who can't argue is like a person who can't chew. He swallows the facts of life unprepared for digestion.—Sara Jeannette Duncan.

The Vote Was a Failure.

The worthy Sunday school superintendent was illustrating the text, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Superintendent—If I want to raise a crop of turnips what sort of seed must I sow?

Children—Turnip seed.

Superintendent—If I want to raise a crop of tomatoes what kind of seed must I sow?

Children—Tomato seed.

Superintendent—Very good. Now, if you want to raise a crop of good manhood what kind of seed must you sow?

And an observer who kept tally reported that the school on test vote was a tie between turnip seed and tomato seed.

A Vicious Fish.

In South America there is a small fish that not only attacks its fellows of the sea and river, but is greatly dreaded by the natives, who during certain seasons have to ford the streams in which the carbitos are found. Bathers are often attacked by them, the sharp, chisel shaped teeth taking a bit from the flesh wherever they attack. They are perfect scavengers, eating the animals that float down the river—dead or alive.

Jealous Man.

Mrs. Pretty—Isn't it strange? Mrs. Beautt has not put on mourning for her husband.

Mr. Pretty—I understand that her late husband particularly requested that she should not.

Mrs. Pretty—The brute! I suppose he knew how lovely she would look in it.—Pick-Me-Up.

A Difficult Mix.

"Horace says, 'Mingle a little folly with your wisdom.'"

"Yes, that's easy enough. But it's another matter when it comes to mingling a little wisdom with your folly."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not Always So.

Tess—So you've broken with him?

Jess—Yes. He was entirely too hard to please.

Tess—Gracious! How he must have changed since he proposed to you!—Philadelphia Press.

IN QUEST OF KATE

By MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN

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He stooped and picked it up—a lace edged cobweb handkerchief, elusively fragrant and marked with a daintily embroidered "Kate."

Harper watched the couples gliding by him. "Jane—Gladys—Anne," he murmured. "Dorothy—Isabel—Ruth. Now, which of the hundred I don't know is Kate? Kate!" he repeated musingly.

The music stopped with a crash, and the young lawyer mingled with the promenading throng, a frowning, preoccupied expression in his eyes.

"'Look at that coat of Ted Harper's, Miss Cavanaugh,' drawled a gilded youth to his companion. "He cares as little for clothes that it is a—"

"For anything else, Reggie," she completed. "He's too good looking to need to care. He's like the lilies. Not that he doesn't toil and spin," she added quickly. "He's worth a dozen of you lazy society boys—is Theodore Harper!"

Her voice was low, but the passing owner of the name turned suddenly and came back with outstretched hand.

"Rena! I was afraid you hadn't come. Can't I have this dance?"

"I saved it for you, Ted. And we'll talk—I know you'd rather."

"Good girl!" he replied gratefully as he escorted her to the moonlit piazza. There, with the music softened by distance, he was content. He even forgot the mystery of Kate while he and Rena laughed and chatted.

"Now that you are getting rich and famous, Teddy, you ought to marry. You're plenty old enough—I know your age to a minute."

"And I yours, my dear! I haven't forgotten being dragged to see you when you were three weeks old; nor how I cried when our mothers made me kiss you!"

"Poor boy! It has been a long friendship, Ted. It would have broken my heart if you had taken whittled fingers and love affairs to any other girl."

"Oh, by Jove, that reminds me! I'm in love again, Rena."

Rena's silvery laugh was anything but credulous.

"I am, honestly. Aren't you interested this time?"

"Profoundly! Who is the happy lady?"

"Her name is Kate."

"Kate—what?"

"I don't know."

"Well, really, Teddy, what do you know about her?"

"This!" said Harper, laying something in her soft hand. Rena held the handkerchief up to the moonlight.

"You always were susceptible, Ted, but—to fall in love with a bit of linen and lace!"

"I haven't. It's the suggestion, the atmosphere, the—the—"

"The Violette de Parme?" suggested Rena helpfully. "We all use it, you know."

"Rena, you're heartless! I'd counted on your help."

"Teddy, what is it you want me to do?"

"To tell me all the Kates who may possibly have been in the jam tonight. Then I'll devote myself between briefs to narrowing the inquiry."

"Kate Simpson, Kate Ray, Kate—"

"Hold on, Rena! One at a time, please."

"Very well. Katie Simpson you ought to know. You went to dancing school with her. She has dimples."

"She's not the Kate I'm after. I remember her now. Dimples in a baby are all right, but—how about Kate Ray?"

"Engaged to Reggy Van Dyke. You knew that, of course."

"Of course I didn't. Who next?"

"Kate Delemater, a new girl in town; handsome, tall, black eyes, awfully clever. Shall I take you in and introduce you?"

"Thanks, I can wait. I'll have some one of the fellows get permission to take me around for a call. If she doesn't prove to be the real Kate I'll come to you, say Friday, for more clews."

"You might come in any case. I shall be wild to know. Yes, really," in reply to his protest as she arose, "I must go in now."

Harper offered a reluctant arm, and they passed from the freshness of the June night to the glare and gayety within.

* * * * * * *

The October evening was cool, and Harper found Rena by a fire of snapping hickory.

"I'm too delightfully weary to rise," she said. "I've been in the country all day. Look!" with a comprehensive wave of her hand. The library was aglow with lavish masses of color—the orange and scarlet of maple, the crimson of sumac, the purple and russet of oak and beech. "This is my October carnival. I always celebrate when the autumn gets into my blood. Oh, the glory of the woods today, Teddy!" She leaned forward to lay a faggot on the coals. The seasoned wood burst into a whirl of blue and yellow flame. Harper watched her face curiously as she talked. "All summer these leaves have been quiet, contented little dreamers. Today they are new creatures, glorious. It's the transfiguration of their lives, what they have been waiting for all these tranquil weeks."

"The autumn has gone into your blood, Rena. I hardly know you tonight."

Her thoughtfulness vanished. "What of Kate?" she laughed.

"Oh—Kate! I'm tired of this foolery about Kate."

"Ungrateful! When I've spent my whole summer finding you Kates."

"You have been very good. The fault is in the Kates." He took a notebook from his pocket and laid it open in her lap, leaning against the back of her chair to look over her shoulder as she ran her finger down the neat list.

"Katie Simpson—dimples; Kate Ray—engaged to Reggie Van Dyke; Kate Delemater—I hardly dare mention her, Teddy!"

"You have reason to blush. You know how I abominate the bohemian girl who smokes cigarettes and is always stopping on the verge."

"Didn't you find her clever and handsome?"

"Oh, very! Who next?"

"Kate Randall. Mother suggested her. You did like her a bit, I remember."

"I liked her a great deal. She's a sensible, modest, well behaved young woman. But she's not Kate."

Rena sighed patiently.

"What was the matter with Kittie Pomeroy? There isn't a dearer, sweeter, prettier little girl in"—

"I'm not looking for a dear, sweet, pretty little girl."

"What sort of a girl are you looking for, Ted?"

Harper mused in smiling silence, his eyes idly watching a trembling silver butterfly in her hair.

"I think she's tall and has dark eyes. She's well bred, but not conventional. She's honest and kind. She has brains and a sense of humor. She"— He broke off suddenly. "I have it, Rena! Find me a Kate just like you, and I surrender the handkerchief."

"And your heart?"

The light words had an unfamiliar tremor in them, like that of the butterfly's filigree wings. Something sweet and sudden and unforeseen swept over Harper's heart. He was looking down at the leaves in her lap and fragments of what she had said of them came back to him. "All summer contented dreamers—today new creatures—the transfiguration of their lives—what they have been waiting for all these tranquil weeks."

"Rena!" he whispered, bending lower over the silver butterfly. And then as she looked up into his face with startled eyes, "I believe it is you I love," he added simply.

"And Kate?" Her eyes smiled, though her lashes were still wet.

"Kate was an airy nothing."

"Dear, stupid boy!" Rising, she crossed the room and brought back a great Bible which she laid on his knee. Perching on the arm of his chair, she opened the volume at the pages of family record and laid a finger on one of the names.

"Katherine, daughter of James and Katherine Cavanaugh, born June—"

"Rena, is it you?"

"Who else? But Rena I've been from my cradle, save to one person."

"And he?" jealously.

"And she"—reassuringly—"is a college friend who dislikes my poor nickname. I can show you dozens of letters from her addressed to Miss Kate Cavanaugh. The only other proof I could have offered—her gift to me last Christmas—I unfortunately lost."

"At a ball?"

"At a charity ball—last June."

"I don't believe you're my Kate, after all! I told you my Kate was honest and kind."

"And had a sense of humor. Teddy, do you regret the prosaic end of your romance?"

"Prosaic?"

"Do you?" she insisted.

"I should be an ungrateful fool if I did!"

"Then forgive your Cinderella and give back her glass slipper, dear prince!"

From the pocket nearest his heart Theodore drew a crumpled bit of linen and lace, still faintly fragrant. He laid it in her hand, and his own fingers closed over it.

Glazed Eyes.

Snakes may almost be said to have glass eyes, inasmuch as their eyes never close. They are without lids, and each is covered with a transparent scale much resembling glass. When the reptile casts its outer skin the eye scales come off with the rest of the transparent envelope out of which the snake slips.

This glassy eye scale is so tough that it effectually protects the true eye from the twigs, sharp grass and other obstructions which the snake encounters in its travels, yet it is transparent enough to allow the most perfect vision. Thus if the snake has not a glass eye it may, at any rate, be said to wear eyeglasses.

A similarly protected or cased eye, which very nearly approaches a glass eye, or, at any rate, an eye in glass, is to be found in fish. From the character of the element in which they live and the subdued light that reaches them fish have no need of eyelids either to wash the eye or protect it from glare, and therefore eyelids are absent, but some of them need the protection of the transparent, horny, convex cases, which defend their eyes without obstructing the sight.

Letter Too Perfect.

General Phil Cook, when secretary of state of Georgia, observed that a young clerk, fresh from one of the small towns, daily received a letter over which he hung long and tenderly. The general knew that this daily missive was from the young fellow's sweetheart, and one day, when the letter seemed especially distracting, he said:

"Well, John, I suppose she writes a very nice letter."

John colored, but was too gallant to let the challenge pass.

"A nice letter! Why, general, she dots her i's and crosses her t's with a fastidious levity that disdains all pursuit."—Philadelphia Ledger.

MARRIAGE LAWS ABROAD.

How Breach of Promise Cases Are Averted in Hungary.

"There are many curious and interesting facts regarding the marriage and divorce laws of foreign countries," said R. J. Brown, who recently returned from a trip abroad, where he made a study of the question.

"Breaches of promise are averted in Hungary by an express declaration of the civil marriage act that the relations created by a betrothal do not give the right to command the conclusion of a marriage, but if either party withdraws from an engagement without just reasons he or she is bound to grant compensation to the extent of the outlay incurred. Divorce in the English sense does not exist, but the courts can decree the personal separation of a married couple without dissolving the bonds of matrimony.

"A curious law prevailing in France provides that before being married children of a family, although over age, shall seek in respectful and formal terms the advice of their father and mother. It makes no difference, however, whether the consent of parents is given, for the couple can be married a month after under any circumstances. This is also the case in the Netherlands. A divorce further entitles the innocent party to recover all the presents he or she may have made.

"According to the constitution of the Netherlands, the civil marriage must always precede the religious ceremony. The latter, indeed, is left entirely to the conscience of the parties concerned. There is also a law providing that no man or woman under thirty can marry without the consent of parents. If the consent be refused, the couple have to appear before a judge, who advises them as he thinks best.

"Many countries have now abolished all marriage fees. This is the case in Norway, while in the Netherlands certain days in the week are set apart when persons may be married without payment."—Indianapolis News.

BENTON AND BARNUM.

How the Showman Got a Free Ad. From the Statesman.

James G. Blaine said that after Fremont became famous as a pathfinder Benton, who had opposed his marriage with his daughter Jessie, became reconciled with his son-in-law and took great pride in his achievements as a western explorer.

The square on the southern side of Pennsylvania avenue, now occupied by Center market, was then used as a show ground for circuses and other peripatetic exhibitions. About this time P. T. Barnum was beginning his career as a showman, and as Colonel Benton was walking down Pennsylvania avenue opposite this show ground he was attracted by the words "John C. Fremont" uttered in a loud voice by a showman standing at the door of a small tent, in front of which was a garish caricature of a nondescript animal supposed to represent the "woolly horse" discovered by Fremont in the recesses of the Rocky mountains.

Benton stalked across the avenue and listened with great disgust to the statement by Barnum, who was his own doorkeeper and solicitor, that inside the tent could be found the greatest natural curiosity in the world, "the woolly horse captured by General Fremont and now on exhibition!"

Benton denounced Barnum as an impostor and denied that his son-in-law had discovered any such animal. Barnum, who did not know Benton, told him flippantly to pay his quarter and go into the show or make less noise, whereupon the indignant statesman called upon the police to arrest Barnum, and a large crowd assembled to witness the extraordinary scene. The police refused to interfere and Barnum received a free advertisement much to his gratification and profit.—George G. Vest in Philadelphia Post.

A Problem for the Holland Traveler.

In passing through the narrow, crooked little streets of Leeuwarden I chanced upon a sign that held me at attention and compelled thought. It read, "L. v. d. Zwaan, Morgen Wekker." This is faultless Dutch for Morning Waker, and it signifies that L. v. d. Zwaan will, for a paltry sum, leave his bed in the frosty hours of early morning and, putting sweet sleep behind him, arouse his slumberous clients. Truly, a worthy calling! Yet, tell me, you who are versed in occult things, who or what in this somnolent land wakes the morgen wekker?—Edward Penfield in Scribner's.

His Advice.

"You're neglecting your business," the old man declared.

"I admit it," the young man replied frankly. "The fact is, I'm engaged, and naturally the girl gets my time and thoughts."

"For heaven's sake, marry her," advised the old man. "Then you'll have no trouble keeping away from her."—Chicago Post.

Statistics.

"What do statistics show?" inquired the man who was warming up to his subject.

"As a rule," answered the man who is always doubtful, "they don't show much except patience and industry on the part of the man who collected them."—Washington Star.

Even Worse.

"I cannot sing the old songs," warbled the young woman at the piano. But this was small relief, for the new ones she sang were even worse.—Chicago Tribune.

Don't judge a man by his failures in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

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POLLY HANGING HOLLY

WITH Polly I chanced to be hanging the holly,
With Polly the roguish, with Polly the sly;
With Polly, who's brimming with frolic and folly,
A quip on her lip and a jest in her eye.

The wind it was grieving, and shadows were weaving
Their dark web without o'er the face of the sky,
Within it was merry with green leaf and berry,
And Polly, close by, with a gleam in her eye.

"This holly, I know, sir, you wish mistletoe, sir!"
Cried Polly as o'er us a wreath we hung high.
I looked at her, laughing, to see were she chaffing,
And, oh, what a glint there shone out from her eye!

"THIS HOLLY, I KNOW, SIR, YOU WISH MISTLETOE, SIR!"

How like the rose petals on which the bee settles
Her cheeks were! Her lips were the holly fruit's dye.
"Be it mistletoe, dear, a minute or so, dear!"
"A minute?" breathed Polly, with mirth in her eye.

So it's oh, to be handling the holly with Polly,
With Polly the mischievous, Polly the sly;
With Polly, the genius of all that is jolly,
A lure on her lip and with love in her eye!

—Clinton Scollard in Smart Set.

ORIGIN OF XMAS GREENS.

They Were Used at Christmastide Five Centuries Ago.

The use of evergreens at Christmas time is older than the Christmas tree, the Christians seeming to have copied it from their pagan ancestors. In a very old book we find this reference to the use of evergreens at Christmas times: "Against the feast of Christmas every man's house, as also their parish churches, were decked with holme, ivie, bayes and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green. The conduits and standards of the streets were likewise garnished, among the which I read that in the year 1444, by tempest of thunder and lightning, toward the morning of Candlemas day, at the Leadenhall, in Cornhill, a standard of tree, being set up in the midst of the pavement, fast in the ground, united full of holme and ivie, for disport of Christians, to the people, was torn up and cast down by the malignant spirit, as was thought, and the stones of the pavement all about were cast in the streets and into divers houses, so that the people were sore aghast at the great tempest."—Leslie's Weekly.

On the Christmas Tree.

The old fashioned stockings and hearts and crosses and animals cut out of tartatan outlined with worsted and then filled with flat candies and tied on the tree are always popular ornaments. Sugar figures bought in the confectionery store will serve to break the monotony. The baker at Christmas time usually has his windows filled with horses, dogs, cats and men and women made of delectable cake dough and artistically ornamented with colored sugar curlycues. These are toothsome and attractive to the small boy and girl.

Candles in small candle holders are always scattered well over the tree. It is a wise precaution to keep a pan of water in which is a wet sponge in case of accidents. When a spark falls upon a bough, the sponge quickly applied to the spot will check the spread of the fire.—Washington Star.

Christmas in the West.

Deadshot Dick—Any fun in B'ar Creek on Christmas, Bill?

Grizzly Bill—Waal, we had a purty big Christmas tree.

Deadshot Dick—Anything of much account hangin' on it?

Grizzly Bill—Three hoss thieves and two Chinesymen.

Suitable Gifts For Women.

Silver or silver and glass toilet articles are always acceptable to women. Some of them are brush, comb, powder box, cold cream jar, buttonhook, curling iron, glove stretcher, atomizer, perfume jar, vaseline holder and hairpin case.

The man who takes all his money to the grave with him gets real mad when he finds it won't buy him a reserved seat in heaven.—Boston Republic.

Some people want you to give them everything for nothing, including your life, your liberty (your labor) and your pursuit of happiness.—Schoolmaster.

CHRISTMAS ON AN ICEBERG

THIS is in substance the story of Ray Lamberson, a Nova Scotia lad of eighteen, who was taken off an iceberg at sea by a passing ship and treated in Bellevue hospital:

"Father and I went out fishing on Christmas eve last from Clark's harbor. We were after mackerel and were doing well, but had not been long out when a bay of Fundy fog surrounded us, and we concluded to put back. After groping our way east for half an hour we struck against something, or something struck against us, and I was thrown clean overboard. I know now that the keel of our boat collided with the spur of an iceberg. When I rose to the surface I heard the old man shouting, but I couldn't answer him, and it seems to me that the spur got between us in the first place and then we were separated altogether by the entire berg. I managed to get on a ledge of the berg and maintain myself there by bracing my shoulder against a slight projection overhead. When I thought I was on top the berg would keel over until I found myself on the side, and at one time it turned a complete somersault and threw me once more into the water. I had a good mind to give up then and accept what seemed my fate, but I thought of the folks at home and that my father being probably drowned, the family would have to depend on me. So I made another effort. The berg was rolling and presented many sharp points here and there, one of which I seized and by its means lifted myself to the ledge from which I had been thrown.

"Realizing that I could not maintain myself in that position, I climbed once more to the top and this time found myself in a saucer shaped cavity. Whipping out my knife I hacked away for dear life until I had scooped out a

"EVEN AT THE TIME I WAS IN DANGER OF FALLING OFF."

still deeper hollow, and after much hard work I succeeded in gathering quite a pile of pebbles and sea weed, on which I rested my feet. Meantime my body from the waist up was exposed. Even at this I was in danger of falling out or off when the berg rolled over, as it frequently did. I was therefore obliged to be constantly on the alert. Exhausted from my exertions and though fearing that sleep might mean death, I could not resist the drowsiness that came over me; so I fell asleep. When I awoke after a few hours it was night, and the stars were in the sky. Though my hands and feet were numbed, I did not feel as cold as one might imagine. It is useless describing my sensations. I thought of the sad Christmas mother and the kids would pass without me and, perhaps, without the old man, and I prayed to God to save me. I was glad when the morning came—Christmas morning—but I suffered fearfully from hunger and thirst, especially from thirst. Christmas day passed over me like Christmas eve, and at the dawn of the 26th I gave up hope. But one should never despair even though hundreds of miles out at sea on an iceberg, for that evening I was taken off the berg by a boat from the barkentine Sea Serpent, commanded by Captain Ferguson, and bound for the Azores. The captain treated me well, and after staying on the Azores a few weeks I came to New York in a Liverpool brigantine.

"That is about all," concluded the young fisherman from Nova Scotia. "And, say, doctor, I don't want to spend no more Christmas days on a berg."—Washington Post.

Kitty's Christmas Speech.

The church was beautifully decorated with Christmas greens and the air was laden with their odor. As the service was about to begin little Kitty pulled her mother's sleeve and said in an awe stricken tone, "Oh, don't it smell solemn!"—Christian Work.

The Dawn of Christmas.

Christmas day begins in the middle of the Pacific ocean on the one hundred and eighteenth parallel of latitude, and there is where Santa Claus starts and ends his great and only journey of the year.

Her Status.

"Why do you still call her a 'fin de siecle girl?'"

"What's the matter with that?"

"Why, since that means literally the 'end of the century girl' it was only used in speaking of girls toward the close of the last century."

"Well, that's when she was a girl."—Philadelphia Ledger.

OUR ATMOSPHERE.

The Distance to Which It Extends Above the Earth's Surface.

One of the many uncertain elements in meteorology is the height to which the earth's atmosphere extends. In former days it was taught somewhat dogmatically that a height exceeding forty-five miles was unthinkable for a gas constituted as the air is. This belief was shaken by calculations respecting the altitude of meteors, which became incandescent by collision with our atmospheric envelope and were certainly rendered visible in this way at altitudes of over seventy miles. Professor Newcomb deduced from the meteor shower of Nov. 13, 1867, that the air must reach to 100 or 110 miles from the earth's surface. Dr. T. J. See of Washington essayed to determine the problem by watching the disappearance of blue sky after sunset. Accepting Lord Rayleigh's theory that the blue color of the sky is due to reflection of sunlight from minute particles of oxygen and nitrogen in the upper layers of the atmosphere, Dr. See on a series of evenings traced with the eye "the last footsteps of departing day" by the evanishment of the final trace of blue in the firmament. He then computed from the data of the Nautical Almanac the position of the sun at the time, and a simple calculation in spherical trigonometry gave the approximate height of the reflecting layer. The mean of several observations is 131 miles.

Salt and Ice.

Does salt melt ice? In this question there is but a half truth suggested, since salt no more melts ice than ice melts salt. Heat is the main agent whereby a body passes from a solid to a liquid state. It has been well known, however, for centuries that certain solid bodies when brought together (as here, salt and ice) have such a chemical affinity for one another—i. e., their tendency to combine and melt is so great—that heat is drawn from all surrounding sources as well as from the store latent in these substances themselves.

When this is the case they become chilled and make a freezing mixture, the temperature dropping till the heat drawn from the two sources—external and internal—is sufficient to keep pace with the rate of melting.

Fahrenheit in 1702 made use of this very melting mixture when he secured what he thought was absolute cold, thereby marking the freezing point on his thermometer at 32 degrees.—Answers.

A Crater Lake.

Deep in the summit of the Cascade range, in the state of Oregon, some sixty-five miles north of the California line, lies Crater lake. The United States government, recognizing its worth as an educational feature, wisely secured possession of it and made a national park of the locality. An area of 250 square miles is thus protected.

The surface of Crater lake is rather more than 6,200 feet above sea level. It is an oval basin between twenty and twenty-one square miles in area, surrounded by cliffs which range from more than 500 to nearly 2,000 feet in height, the ground falling more gradually from their rim to the present upland level. This great sheet of blue water, in places almost 2,000 feet deep, is interrupted near its western margin by a pyramidal rocky mass, called Wizard Island, itself evidently a volcanic vent.—Philadelphia Record.

Bullock Skin Boats.

There are few more primitive methods of transportation than those in use today by natives of northern India who make their homes in the vicinity of the swift flowing Sutlej. The boats of these aborigines are nothing more or less than bullock skins inflated by the breath of the natives themselves. Two natives may be seen hard at work filling the skins with air. Having inflated them to their satisfaction, they will leap aboard and paddle themselves across the river, great skill and strength being necessary to sustain their equilibrium during the passage. But even should the boats overturn they are easily righted, and the natives are without exception expert swimmers.

Rebuking a Duke.

An English duke of great wealth and large estates had occasion one day to dismiss one of his laborers. As the angry man was turning away he suddenly remembered that the duke's "lady" held a position at court with the queen. That was his chance and his cue, so he turned round on the duke. "Oh, yes, your grace," he said; "I'll go home. But, though I'm a poor man, thank God I never had to send my missis out to service, as you do yours."

Ineffectual Aspiration.

"Your Uncle Jim is a good deal of a statesman, isn't he?"

"Yes," said the young man. "He's a statesman. He's been tryin' to be a politician for a long time, but every time he runs for office he gets beat."—Washington Star.

Encouraging.

Clara—Do you think there is any chance of his asking me to marry him?

Maud—Yes. I never saw a man yet who wouldn't make a fool of himself.—Detroit Free Press.

Merely a Hint.

Kitty—Harry says he loves me for myself alone.

Bertha—I suppose that's his way of saying your mother must be kept out of the family.—Boston Transcript.

Knew Better.

"They say Brown is ten years ahead of his time."

"Well, it's no; true. He's six months behind. I'm his landlord and know."—Chicago Journal.

Took Her Part.

"Why, Johnny, I am ashamed of you. How could you take Billy Ethel's half of the apple away from her?"

"'Cause, ma, I ain't forgot what you told me—to always take sister's part."

What's the use of having trouble when there are so many people anxious to borrow it?—New York Telegraph.

"JEFFING" FOR MONEY.

The Ancient Game Once Known to All Printers Is Being Forgotten.

"I lost $5 jeffing last night," said a printer. "What? You do not know anything about jeff? Why, it is as old as the art of printing itself, and no man knows just when it did come into favor. Far back in the past some fellow was impressed with the possibilities of the quad as an instrument for gambling. Since that time jeff has been a feature of all newspaper offices and wherever there is type to set. Jeff is played very much like dice, but is much more interesting, and the chances of winning a good stake at one shot are greater.

"Seven quads are used in the game. Any number of persons can play, and each throws the quads in turn, just as we do dice. You probably know that on one side of a quad is a little groove, which we call a 'nick.' The man who turns up the greatest number of nicks in three throws takes the pot, while every other man who puts up his money loses. Every player puts 50 cents into the pot, and, as there are six or seven to throw, the stake is well worth winning. When a throw is made without turning up a single nick, that's a 'mollie.' A 'mollie' is a blank and counts for nothing unless one can throw three 'mollies' in succession. In that case he takes the pot. But it is almost impossible to do the trick. 'Cocked' quads are also possible, as with dice. If three players tie their throws, they 'stay in,' while the remainder of the crowd 'sweeten up the pot.' It is seldom that more than five or six points are made, although I have heard of cases where players made as high as twenty points."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Anticipation.

There is a story to the effect that a woman with a disposition to worry over the future made a list of impending troubles, the ones she thought likely to happen to herself, and put it away for safe keeping. Some months later she ran across it by accident merely, for she had quite forgotten it, and to her surprise found that not one of the number had come to pass. So she became converted to the optimistic side and is a happier and more prosperous woman for the change.

It is a story we would do well to remember. It contains a lesson to be taken to heart. The greater part of our woe lives in our imagination. On that we waste our strength and nerve force, leaving a rather weak prop on which to lean in real adversity. Trouble we must meet—that is inevitable—but we do not have to live it through twice, the first time in imagination. A fear of what the future contains is a clog upon our heels and prevents the achievement of many an important deed.

Semiteetotal.

Archdeacon Sinclair told the Semiteetotal Pledge association of the diary of a Scotch shepherd, which read: "Sunday—Up in the morning at 6—a dram (whisky). Went out to see the sheep—a dram. Came home to breakfast—a dram. Looked round the house—a dram. Washed and dressed for church—a dram. Took a brandy before going to kirk lest I should smell of whisky in the house of the lord!"

The name of the association was responsible for the archdeacon's own experience. He was once lunching alone in the house of a friend confined to his room by an accident. The housekeeper brought up a tray of good things and asked the archdeacon what he would have to drink, for, she said, "I've 'erd you're not a temperate gentleman."

Love.

Love is a great healer. The worst characteristic trait of a man and of a woman has been known to be cured by it.

It is Cupid who introduces you to Hymen, and a pity it is. How much better it would be if it were Hymen who introduced you to Cupid and invited the little fellow to remain your guest!

In the tender relations between men and women novelty is a wonderful attraction and habit a powerful bond, but between the two there is a bottomless precipice into which love often falls, never to be heard of afterward. Happy those who know how to bridge over the chasm!—Max O'Rell.

Almost a Love Match.

Ethel—What dowry did the Prince de Rataplan receive from Gwendolyn's father?

Jean—Not more than $1,000,000. You see, it was almost a love match.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

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It is not necessary for any purchaser to go out of town in order to buy a Piano or Organ as I handle strictly high grade instruments which include the Bush & Gerts, Packard and Story & Clark Pianos. You are not taking any chances of getting a worthless instrument when you purchase one of these Pianos as they are all guaranteed to be first class.

An inspection of these instruments will convince you that it is to your interest to deal with us.

Call and inspect my stock and get prices before going elsewhere.

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We now have on sale a large line of beautiful and useful goods. Great care has been given to the selection for Christmas trade.

You will find gloves, hosiery, ribbons, neckwear, belts, handkerchiefs, fancy work boxes, jewel boxes, toilet cases, games, juvenile books, pictures, vases, and other innumerable articles. A large assortment of furs, muffs and skirts at very low prices.

Great reduction on millinery. New Idea Patterns. Call before purchasing.

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Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of John A. Nelson, late of Smethport borough, McKean county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Edward Larson, residing in said borough, county and state, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment at once, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

EDWARD LARSON,
Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 16, 1902.

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Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

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